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Heaven help me

"I thought you might like some rhubarb," Tom said shyly to Linda, while Richard looked on in open astonishment.

By Margaret St. John Bathe

FROM her divan bed, Linda Fletcher talked to the moon. "If only," she said, "Richard would come back. If only I could wake up to-morrow morning and find his walking out on me six months ago was all a dream. Wouldn't it be wonderful?"

There was no reply from the moon, but the star that followed it about twinkled a little faster and a little brighter, as if it had heard everything and would do something to help if it could.

Something is going to happen, Linda thought. Yes . . . I'm sure . . .

Her thoughts were interrupted by a long drawn-out dramatic shriek from the other divan in which her friend Cynthia slept.

The shriek died away, and Cynthia cried in anguish: "Who-o-o would have thought the o-o-old man to have had so much blo-o-od in him?"

Cynthia was having one of her Macbeth bouts. It was the frustrated actress in her.

She had wanted to study acting, but a firm father had insisted on a commercial training, and she was now working in a lawyer's office many miles from home. She had done her best to find an outlet for her latent talents by joining the Grantley Amateurs, but it wasn't enough; all too frequently she acted bloodcurdling scenes in her sleep.

It was probably the forthcoming Amateur Drama Festival that was exciting Cynthia. If she received the prize for the best individual performance her father had promised to relent and send her to a school of dramatic art.

Determinedly, Linda climbed out of bed, stood over Cynthia, and gently shook her.

Cynthia woke with reluctance. "What is it?"

"You're talking again. I can't get off to sleep."

Cynthia sat up. "So you wake me up! I call that selfish."

"You told me I was to waken you if you ever did it again."

"I don't believe I talk in my sleep," Cynthia said crossly. "I never hear myself." Her voice rose—"I think it's terrible of you to wake me up. You should see a doctor, if you can't sleep."

"You should see a doctor," said Linda.

They weren't exactly having a row, but they were making one. And in the middle of it the man in the next door flat knocked threateningly on the wall.

"He should knock!" exclaimed Cynthia. "What about the times he sits up burning the midnight electric, banging on that typewriter of his?" She added inconsequently: "Did you read what they said about him in this week's paper?"

"No. What?"

"'Tom Willis is one of our most promising young writers.' Have you read anything of his?"

"No!" shouted Linda, "and I don't want to."

The knocking came again. Linda's mouth tightened. "I'd like to tell him!"

"Knock back with the heel of your shoe," said Cynthia. "Let him know we've got some fight in us."

Linda picked up her shoe, went over to the wall and knocked. Tom Willis knocked back. Linda knocked again. He knocked back. Linda paused with the shoe raised and looked inquiringly at Cynthia. "We can't keep this up all night."

"No," said Cynthia thoughtfully. "We can't. Get back into bed and turn out the light."

"Please, please," begged Linda as she climbed into the divan. "Try not to talk any more, Cynthia dear."

"All right," Cynthia grunted. "But what on earth can I do about it?"

Linda sighed. Living with Cynthia was getting to be a bit of a trial. She glanced at the sky as she snuggled down, but the moon and the star that followed it about were cloud-bound.

Some time later Linda was awakened by a small noise. It was not Cynthia talking this time. It was—and it was something new—Cynthia walking. She was gliding through the open door. Linda gasped, struggled into her dressing-gown and slippers, and followed.

There was no sign of Cynthia in the corridor leading off the hall. It was a long corridor with rooms on either side of it. The next room was the one occupied by that promising writer, Tom Willis. His door was ajar. Linda hesitated; was Cynthia in there? Was Cynthia still Lady Macbeth?

Linda pushed the door open, took two steps forward and fell over something hard, heavy, and noisy. "Oh!" she yelled. "Oh, oh, oh! My toe, my toe!"

Immediately there was a sharp movement from the bed. A lamp like a motor-car headlight flashed on, and the dark, angry, slightly alarmed face of Tom Willis looked upon Linda, while a dark, angry, slightly alarmed voice demanded: "What the heck are you doing here?"

"Looking for Cynthia," Linda moaned, hopping about on one foot.

"Who is Cynthia?" he demanded. "And why should you be looking for her in here?"

"She's the girl who shares my room," Linda told him. "She's sleep-walking. I saw her."

"I don't believe you," said Tom Willis. "I bet she's in your room."

He got out of bed and pulled a shabby dressing-gown about his shoulders. "I don't know exactly what your game is . . ."

"It isn't a game," Linda turned towards the door. "You can come and see."

His face registered no surprise when he saw Cynthia in bed, fast asleep. Her golden hair fell over her shoulders in two long plaits, and she looked like a princess.

"There!" he said, quietly triumphant.

"Well—she was walking," Linda said defiantly.

"If she's been walking," he said, looking superior, "her feet will be dirty." He fumbled at the bedclothes and brought out one of Cynthia's daintily arched feet for inspection. "There," he said: "Clean as a pink pig's back."

"She probably wore slippers," said Linda.

Tom Willis paid no attention to this remark. He was staring down at Cynthia's clover-tipped toes. "Nail varnish!" he said disgustedly, and let the foot fall against the bed.

Cynthia woke up. She woke up slowly and with grace—very much on-stage. Her blue eyes opened wide and a delicate flush appeared in her cheeks. She stared hard at Linda, then harder at Tom Willis.

"What are you doing here?" she asked in a dangerously sweet voice. "And what is my foot doing out of bed?"

"I took it out," Tom Willis said, for the first time looking nervous. "To see if you'd been sleep-walking."

Linda tried to explain, but Cynthia was indignant. "I never sleep-walk," she said. Her blue eyes narrowed. "I know what's the matter with you," she said. "Ever since I told you Richard More was back . . ."

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Heaven Help Me

Continued from page 3

LINDA practically fell on Cynthia. "You didn't tell me. You didn't! Where did you see him and when? And what did he say?"

They had both forgotten Tom Willis. He stared at them for a moment or two, and then went out softly and unobserved.

"Richard gave me a message for you," said Cynthia. "I'm sorry I forgot. I was thinking about the drama festival at the time. He said would you meet him to-morrow night, six o'clock, at the Dutch Shoe?"

Linda frowned. Richard More was taking a lot for granted. "Why didn't he phone me?"

Cynthia yawned. "But he did mumble something about telephones always being out of order and numbers being engaged. I'm afraid I wasn't paying much attention. This festival——"

"Oh, I know," Linda said crossly. She put out the light and settled down in her bed for the third time.

She should have felt elated at the prospect of seeing Richard again, but something had spoiled it for her. She didn't like being taken for granted.

Two very quiet, sleepy girls got themselves ready for work the next morning. It was not until they went into the hall and pawed over the batch of letters on the oak stand that they began to wake up.

"You did say the 'Dutch Shoe'?" Linda asked.

"Yes. Eight o'clock. Oh, good morning, Mr. Willis!" she exclaimed as he came out of his room to join in the general mail-pawing.

He smiled shyly on Cynthia's blonde beauty and gave Linda's brunette charm a perfunctory glance, then, collecting two letters, he went on his way.

"Rather sweet, isn't he, when you get to know him?" Cynthia observed. "And he seems much too shy to take a girl's foot out of bed."

"I wouldn't say we'd got to know him," Linda replied coldly. "And as for being shy—it's my belief shy men will do anything!"

. . . . . .

All next day, as she worked, Linda's mind played a game of I-won't-go, I-will-go, and perhaps-I-ought-to-go. There was no need to fall on his neck, she reflected. She could be cool and aloof—hint at the good times (what good times?) she'd been having in his absence, and make inquiries about the girl who had decoyed him away from her.

There had been a girl—but evidently girl and job had not turned out as Richard had hoped, for now he was back in his father's furniture warehouse once more.

At six o'clock Linda, wearing her smartest outfit, walked into the Dutch Shoe, and sat down on a lounge in the vestibule.

"Hallo," said a familiar voice. "May I join you?" She looked up and there was Tom Willis, looking thin and serious.

"I'm expecting someone——" she began.

"Cynthia?" he said quickly.

"Not Cynthia," she said, "a man."

If he felt disappointment at being denied Cynthia's company, it didn't show. Doubtless, thought Linda, he had heard the tail-end of the conversation in the hall that morning and had thought Cynthia was making arrangements to come to the Dutch Shoe. It seemed Tom Willis was smitten, and Linda could almost feel sorry for him. He'd chosen a bad time, with Cynthia made hazy and unresponsive by the drama festival.

"How's your foot?" he asked suddenly.

"It still hurts," she said.

"I'm sorry."

The waiter came up, distributed the drinks. Tom Willis paid, then he said, "Your friend Cynthia is very beautiful."

"Yes," Linda sighed. Everybody was always saying how beautiful Cynthia was.

"Of course, you're beautiful, too," he hastened to add. "In a breathless, dewy, wild-rose sort of way. Like a milkmaid!"

He means buxom, Linda thought gloomily. She looked at the clock. A quarter-past six. Where was Richard?

At a quarter to seven there was still no sign of Richard.

"Were you going to have dinner with him?" Tom Willis asked.

She hesitated. She didn't really know, since the invitation had come second-hand via an absent-minded girl-friend.

"I don't know," she said simply.

Tom Willis showed some degree of surprise on hearing this. He thought it rather extraordinary that a girl didn't know whether she was going to eat or not.

"Well, have you eaten?" he pressed.

"There wasn't time," said Linda.

"Then you'll have dinner with me?" he offered gallantly, and Linda accepted gracefully, though she had no illusions concerning the offer. During the meal she rewarded Tom Willis' generosity by talking most of the time about Cynthia.

At half-past eight they went home. Cynthia was deep in a script, memorising a sad part in a sad one-act play.

"Oh, hallo," she said. "How was Richard?"

"He wasn't," Linda replied, putting her coat on a hanger. "He didn't come. But Tom Willis was there and took me to dinner. I must say the Dutch Shoe puts on a very good meal!"

Cynthia wrinkled her brows. "The Dutch Shoe? What on earth were you doing there?"

Linda turned slowly round. "Why, you told me the Dutch Shoe."

"No," said Cynthia emphatically, "it was the Silver Slipper."

"Nothing is really work unless you would rather be doing something else."

—Sir James Barrie.

"Cynthia!" wailed Linda. "Oh, Cynthia—you did tell me the Shoe. And Richard will have been waiting at the Slipper."

Cynthia looked contrite. "I'm terribly sorry. But don't worry. I'll ring him up to-morrow and put things right."

"Don't bother," said Linda, beginning to undress. She suddenly felt depressed, everything was going against her in this affair with Richard. It always had. "Richard can do the ringing up and putting right," she added, "or things can stay as they are."

"That's defeatist!" Cynthia told her sternly.

"It's all right for you to talk," Linda burst out. "You've got a career, but I'm romantic—heaven help me!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Cynthia, her eyes wide with admiration. "You delivered that last line beautifully—such pathos! Why don't you join the Dramatic Society?"

"One actress in a double-divan room is enough," said Linda, turning back the eiderdown and falling into bed. "By the way, I think Tom Willis has fallen for you."

"The dear boy!" Cynthia smiled at her reflection in the mirror as she greased off her make-up.

Linda sighed, reflecting that there must be two kinds of girls. Those who chased love and those whom love chased, and heaven help the former.

Things brightened up for Linda the next day. Richard phoned, and it really seemed the broken date had done him good. Linda explained the mix-up, but not too clearly, so that he was left with a feeling that, while things had turned out badly for him, it had not been entirely a wasted evening for Linda.

He pressed for another appointment, and Linda, for once playing wise, skipped Saturday and suggested he drop round on Sunday evening if he cared to.

He did care to. Linda greeted him casually, but she had forgotten how good-looking he was. She'd forgotten about the dent in his chin, the eyebrow that was slightly higher than its fellow, and she had forgotten the caressing quality of his voice. Meeting the impact of all these things after six months she weakened, and when he moved up on the settee, taking her hand in his, there was no wisdom left in her at all.

"Linda," he said, "before I went away I must admit my intentions were not definitely serious. But I've changed. I want . . . I want to——" he stopped short as a knock sounded on the door and Linda answered automatically: "Come in."

It was Tom Willis. His pleasant face looked guileless. He was holding, as if it were a bouquet, a bunch of rhubarb.

"I thought you might like some rhubarb," Tom said shyly, while Richard looked on in open astonishment. "My aunt, who lives in the country, sent this with some garden peas. There's too much for me."

Linda took the rhubarb and stared blankly at its extravagant leaves. Then she shuddered violently as her eyes picked out a small green, practically transparent caterpillar making languid but unfaltering progress towards her hand.

"You don't like rhubarb?" Tom Willis said quickly.

She did not like rhubarb—at least, not very much.

"But Cynthia does," she added kindly, tearing her gaze from the caterpillar. "I—I think I'd like it, too, if it had a different name."

The caterpillar dropped on the carpet. Richard, who had been taking Tom Willis' measure, suddenly guffawed.

"What an idiotic remark! Darling—you are a baby!"

"I'm not," Linda said hotly. "And don't call me baby—I'm not a darling!"

"The first part of rhubarb," she started to explain, "reminds me of rheumatism and sadness. The second part makes me think of wire, bromide, and nasty remarks. That's why I don't like rhubarb." Then she sat down and glared balefully at both men, daring them to laugh.

Richard didn't dare and Tom Willis took the explanation with a scholarly seriousness.

"That's very interesting," he said. "I feel exactly the same about stew. The name conjures up a picture of steam, panic, and too many potatoes."

Linda slowly raised her head and gave Tom Willis a long, long look. It was then that she knew she liked him. She liked him very much and—oh, dear!—a lot more than Richard.

It was a shock. Naturally it was a shock . . . for ever fated, she thought, to love the wrong man.

"I am a fool!" she wailed out loud, and the two men were momentarily startled into having a thought in common. They both raised their eyebrows at the same time and shrugged their shoulders.

Shaken as she was by the discovery that love had come to her again, just as hopelessly as before, Linda brought the evening's entertainment to an end. She put the rhubarb on the table and said: "Well—it's getting late. Cynthia will be home soon, tired out."

Nothing could be plainer than that, so Tom Willis bowed himself out and Richard yawned, straightened his coat, looked at his watch, gave Linda a lingering but unwelcome kiss and he went, too, promising to phone her on Monday.

Five minutes later, Cynthia returned glowing from an apparently successful rehearsal. "Perfect," she said, peeling off her gloves. "What on earth is that?" she added, as her gaze alighted on the rhubarb.

"Tom Willis brought it for you. His aunt sent it with some peas. He was disappointed you weren't here, I think."

Cynthia stared. "Disappointed? How could he be? He knew I wasn't here. We met in the drive and I told him I was going to rehearsal. It seems to me that you're the one he's after."

"Eh?" Linda was stunned. "B—but why hasn't he told me?"

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Friday's Child

THE runaway marriage of impetuous young VISCOUNT ANTHONY SHERINGHAM ("SHERRY") and pretty HERO WANTAGE comes to grief when Hero, after numerous social blunders, accepts a challenge for a public driving contest with LADY ROYSTON.

Sherry, who has been away, rushes back to London in time to stop the proposed contest, but, in a towering rage, he tells Hero that he will send her to stay with his mother to be taught correct social behaviour.

Appalled at the prospect, Hero runs away for help to Sherry's three great friends—GILBERT RINGWOOD, FERDY FAKENHAM, and LORD GEORGE WROTHAM — whose suit with lovely ISABELLA MILBORNE she has tried to further.

The young men conspire to send her away to Gilbert's grandmother at Bath and to keep Sherry ignorant of her whereabouts.

Now read on:

WHEN Hero put in no appearance at the breakfast-table next morning, the Viscount was not much surprised, and he made no comment. He himself had passed an indifferent night. His visit to one of his favorite haunts on the previous evening had confirmed his worst fears.

One tactless gentleman had actually had the effrontery to mention Hero's projected race to him, and instead of knocking him down he had been obliged to treat the matter lightly, saying that it was all a joke, and that he wondered that anyone could have been green enough to have supposed anything else.

After that he had gone home, and had written a stiff note to Lady Royston, cancelling the meeting. That had taken him an hour to compose, and he had wasted a great many sheets of paper on it, and had not even the satisfaction of feeling that the final copy conveyed his sentiments to the lady.

Unquiet dreams had disturbed his sleep, and he arose in the morning not in the least refreshed, but more determined than ever to remove Hero from London until such time as the Polite World had forgotten her lapse from grace.

He made up his mind to explain it all carefully to Hero on the way down to Kent, for although he had been extremely angry with her on the previous evening, he was already sorry that he had left her room so precipitately, and without comforting her distress, or making any real attempt to alleviate her alarms.

He did not like to think of his Hero in tears, and he was much afraid that she had cried herself to sleep. When she did not come down to breakfast, he was sure of it. So as soon as he had finished his own repast he went up to her room and knocked politely on the door.

There was no answer, and, after waiting for a moment, he turned the handle and walked in. The room was in darkness. Surprised, he hesitated for an instant before speaking his wife's name. There was again no answer.

All at once the Viscount felt, without quite knowing why, that there was no one but himself in the room. He strode over to the window, and flung back the curtains, and turned. No erring wife lay sleeping in the silk-hung bedstead. The quilt had not even been removed from it, but on one pillow lay a sealed billet.

The Viscount picked it up with a hand that was not entirely steady. It was addressed to himself. He broke the seal and spread open the sheet of paper.

"Sherry, I have run away, because I will never go to your Mama, and I see now that it would be to no avail, even if I did, for you were right when you said you should not have married me, though I did not know it then, when I was so ignorant and stupid.

"It was all my fault, for I always knew that you did not love me, and you have been so patient with me, and so very kind, and I know I have been very troublesome, and quite spoilt your life, besides getting into debt, and obliging you to sell those horses, and not knowing how to contrive so that Mrs. Bradgate should not order such expensive things, like that dreadful bill for candles and a dozen others.

"So please, Sherry, will you divorce me, and forget all about me, and pray do not tease yourself with wondering what has become of me, because I shall do very well, and there is not the least occasion for you to do so.

"And also, Sherry, I hope you will not mind that I have taken the drawing-room clock, and my canary, for they were truly mine, like the ear-rings you gave me on my wedding day, and Ferdy's bracelet.—Your loving Kitten."

The Viscount's lip quivered; he looked up from the letter, and stared about him at surroundings which seemed suddenly desolate.

He found that he was not able to think very clearly, for when he tried to concentrate on the problem of Hero's present whereabouts his brain seemed not to move at all, and the only thought which reiterated rather stupidly in his head was that she had gone.

He had left the door open when he had entered the room, and after a few minutes he became aware that someone was standing in the aperture. He looked round quickly, and saw his valet, gravely regarding him.

They looked at one another in silence, and suddenly the Viscount knew that it would be useless to attempt any explanation. He said abruptly: "Bootle, when did her ladyship leave this house?"

The valet came in and closed the door. "I do not know, my lord, but I think last night." In a colorless voice he added: "I fancy her ladyship took her abigail with her, my lord, for the chambermaid reports that Maria's bed has not been slept in."

He noticed with satisfaction that there was a perceptible lightening of the expression on his master's face. He added, even more disinterestedly than before: "I have taken the liberty of informing the staff, my lord, that her ladyship was called away hurriedly, one of her ladyship's relatives having been taken ill."

The Viscount flushed. "Yes, very well! Thank you." He folded the letter in his hand, and put it into his pocket. "They won't believe it, I dare say."

"Oh, yes, my lord!" replied Bootle tranquilly. "Your lordship may rely upon me. And if I may be permitted to take the liberty, my lord, there is no occasion for your lordship to concern yourself over the Bradgates, them being related to me, and not ones to chatter about their betters."

"I'm obliged to you," the Viscount said with an effort. "You do not know if her ladyship summoned a hackney, or—or a chair?"

"No, my lord. But if your lordship desires me so to do I could make discreet inquiries."

"Do so, if you please."

"Very good, my lord. Will your lordship receive my Lord Wrotham, or shall I inform his lordship that you have stepped out?"

"Lord Wrotham!"

By GEORGETTE HEYER

"Downstairs, in your lordship's library," said Bootle.

"I'll see him," the Viscount said, and went swiftly out of the room.

Lord Wrotham, arrayed in the much-coveted insignia of that most exclusive of driving clubs, the F.H.C., with a drab greatcoat sporting no fewer than sixteen capes over all, was standing by the fireplace in the library, one top-booted foot resting on the fender.

One glance at his host's face, as he entered the room, his blue eyes bright and hard with something between hope and suspicion, made Lord Wrotham speak before Sherry had had time to do more than utter his name.

"Hallo, Sherry!" he said. "When did you get back to town? Thought you was at Melton still."

"No," said Sherry. "No. George—"

Lord Wrotham adjusted the monstrous nosegay he wore as buttonhole.

"Lady Sherry ready to drive out with me?" he asked. "Going to tool my curricle down to Richmond. Trying out my new pair. Prime bits of blood! Heard about Gil?"

"Gil . . ." said Sherry. "What about Gil?"

George laughed. "Why, only that old uncle of his looks like obliging him at last! Seems to be in a pretty bad way. Gil's posted down to Herefordshire to be in at the death. I wish I had an uncle to leave me a handsome fortune!"

Sherry stared at him, a frown in his eyes. "George, are you sure of that?" he demanded.

"Saw him off not two hours ago." Why?" responded George.

"Nothing," Sherry said, passing a hand across his brow. "I only wondered—— No reason at all."

Lord Wrotham, who was finding it increasingly difficult to meet his friend's gaze, fell to contemplating the polish on one topboot. He had not expected to enjoy this interview, and he was not enjoying it.

Sherry looked positively haggard he thought; and if he had not promised Hero not to divulge her whereabouts to Sherry he would have felt extremely tempted to have told him the truth.

But when he had seen the little party off from Stratton Street earlier in the morning he had given his word to Hero, and he said as casually as he could: "Does Kitten mean to come with me, Sherry?"

The Viscount pulled himself together. "No. The fact is, she's not feeling quite the thing. Asked me to make her apologies."

"I trust nothing serious, Sherry?"

"No, no!—At least, I can hardly say yet. Dare say she has been doing rather too much. Not accustomed to town life, you know. I am —I shall be taking her into the country in a day or so. Needs rest and a change of air."

"I am excessively sorry to hear it! You'll be wishing me at the devil, no doubt: I'll be off at once!"

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"Bella, do you know—can you tell me where Hero is?" the Viscount asked jerkily.

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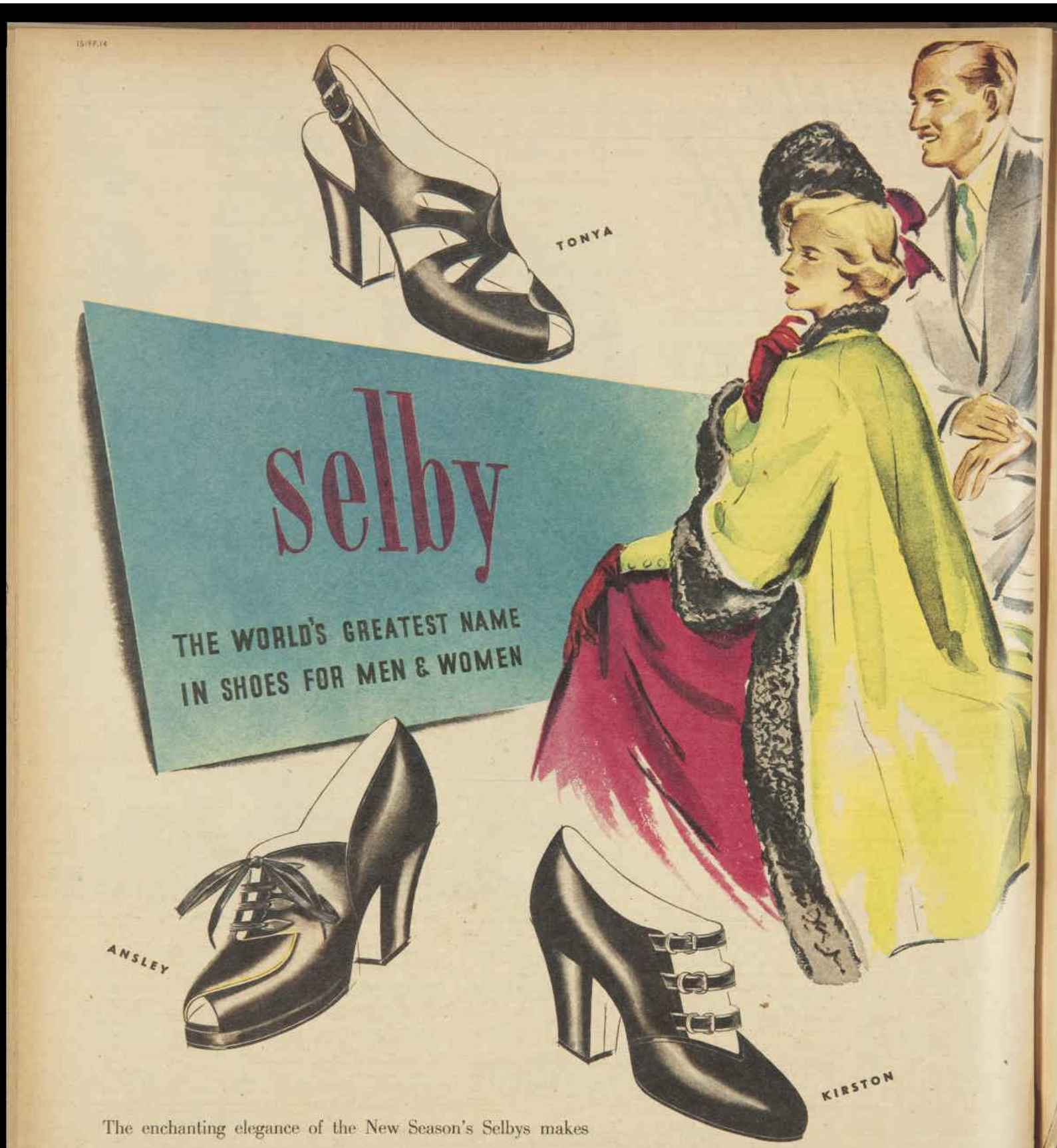

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A matter of Logic

By RAYMOND SLATTERY

ELLIS TAMPION produced a penny from behind his right ear, waved a hand, and turned it into two pennies. Then he clapped his hands together and the pennies disappeared. Inspector Mandon was not amused.

"No doubt you must preserve your reputation for doing the unexpected, Tampion," he said acidly, "but I'd have thought that in the presence of death . . ." he shrugged and left the sentence unfinished.

Tampion's thin lips turned up at the corners. It was the nearest he ever got to a smile. He fixed his grey-eyed, unblinking gaze on the inspector and said softly, "I meant no disrespect for the dead. It was just an automatic reaction. I was thinking of illusions."

Mandon didn't know what the reporter was talking about, but it didn't worry him. He had long ago given up trying to understand Ellis Tampion. He turned back to the business in hand, supervising the photographing of the body that was slumped over the office table.

The slim, pale-faced reporter strolled to the big window of Oscar Bullivant's office. It was closed, and he put his face close to the glass and watched the traffic worming along the narrow city street six floors below.

It was one of those streets lined on each side with tall buildings. Tampion wondered why a man would have to die just in this place, and at just that time of morning. Murder was something you associated with darkness and loneliness.

Inspector Mandon saw the ambulance men remove the body, the police doctor following them out. Then he said to two of his men, "You know what to do. I want to see any members of the staff who used the men's washroom this morning. And send Miss Tinsley in here."

They nodded and went out to the general office. Tampion had a glimpse of the big room as the connecting door swung open and shut. Hushed groups were gathered about the desks, white-faced and shaken, discussing this terrible thing that had happened. He saw rival reporters, too, converging on the two detectives.

"A queer business, Inspector," he said.

"Murder is always a queer business," Mandon said. He looked at Tampion, vaguely resentful that he wasn't outside with the other reporters.

Miss Tinsley came into the little office, red-eyed and pale.

"I know that this has been most shocking for you, Miss Tinsley," Mandon said, "but there are questions I want answered, and we may as well get them over."

Ellis Tampion leaned lazily against a filing cabinet and watched.

The shaggy-browed inspector set a chair for the girl and perched himself on a corner of the office table. He said, "Let's have the whole story, Miss Tinsley, right from the start."

"Well . . . I sorted Mr. Bullivant's mail," the dark-eyed secretary began. "I brought it to him in here at about ten minutes to ten. He was quite cheerful, the way he's been lately. He was going to retire next month, you see, and was looking forward to it."

"You brought him his mail and went back to your desk outside?" Mandon said, steering her back to the story.

"Yes. At about ten-fifteen, Lewis, Mr. Bullivant's chauffeur, arrived. He wanted to see Mr. Bullivant. I buzzed the boss to ask if he'd see Lewis, but received no answer. I was puzzled. He was usually most courteous, answering my calls promptly. So I came in here, and . . . and saw him slumped over the table."

Her voice trembled. "I thought at first that he'd taken ill. I went closer . . . and then I saw the blood . . ." She buried her face in her hands.

Mandon waited patiently for the girl to compose herself. Then he said, "And what happened after that?"

"I screamed," Miss Tinsley said. "Lewis and some of the staff ran to the door. Lewis looked across at Mr. Bullivant and warned the others not to enter. He herded them back to the main office. Then he came back in here, had a closer look at Mr. Bullivant, and told me to phone for the police from my desk outside, as nothing in here should be disturbed.

"I left this room then to do as he said, and he joined me a moment later. We waited outside till you arrived."

"Twenty-five minutes elapsed between the time you saw Bullivant alive and the time you found him dead," Mandon said. "How many persons entered this office in that time?"

He had asked her this earlier, but that was the inspector's method. He was a plodder, and proud of it.

Police work consisted mostly of plodding, he knew from experience. Ask the same questions again and again, keep going over old ground. Somebody, sooner or later, will say something that will throw light on the situation.

When the girl again said that nobody had entered Bullivant's office in those twenty-five minutes, Mandon said, "You mean that nobody entered by the door beside your desk, don't you?"

"Yes . . . that's what I mean," she said softly.

"But they could have entered by that washroom door in the corner, there. The men's washroom opens to both this office and the outer one. Somebody among the staff could have come in here via the washroom and left by the same route. And you wouldn't have known, would you?"

"No," Miss Tinsley said in a low voice, "I wouldn't have known."

Mandon questioned the chauffeur next. Lewis was a steady-eyed man in the middle thirties, fair-haired and stocky. He had driven Mr. Bullivant to the office that morning as usual, he told the inspector. They had arrived at about nine-thirty.

"Then why was it necessary for you to call on him so soon after?"

"Well, sir," Lewis said, "during the run to the city the boss complained of having lost his cigarette case. It was a presentation case given him by his friends at the Yacht Club."

"Yes, go on."

"Mr. Bullivant was very upset at having lost it. He asked me to drive around to all the places he'd been last night and make inquiries. He said he'd first missed it on the way home from the theatre last night."

"This has been most shocking for you," the inspector said to the girl kindly.

"And you carried out his orders?" Mandon said.

"Yes, sir. I inquired at the Theatre Grande, but nobody had handed in a cigarette case. I asked at the Roxie Restaurant where Mr. and Mrs. Bullivant dined before the theatre, but with no result. And then——"

"Yes?" the inspector prompted.

"Well, it dawned on me that I'd occasionally found small articles fallen between the upholstery of the car. People often lose things in cars and taxis that way. I looked, and there it was, Mr. Bullivant's cigarette case, deep down between the cushions."

"And knowing how anxious your employer was, you drove here to give it to him," Mandon said.

From that point, of course, it was Miss Tinsley's story all over again. More plodding, Ellis Tampion thought. I'd hate to be somebody who used that washroom this morning, he thought. Mandon had this thing practically cut-and-dried.

"A queer business, Inspector," he murmured again as the chauffeur left the room. "A real mystery, eh?"

"At the moment, perhaps," Mandon shrugged.

Impatiently, he said, "We'll find the gun sooner or later. We'll also find which of the people who used the washroom had the best motive for killing Bullivant. It's quite simple, really."

"D'you think so?" Tampion stared at the inspector in honest surprise. He said, "If you'd been one of Bullivant's employees and you wanted to kill your boss, would you have done it here in this building, deliberately establishing that only a member of the staff could have done it?"

Please turn to page 31

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Pursuit of Happiness

By ROBERT CARSON

DR. ALEXANDER BENTON, hale and genial director of the Hammerick Memorial Mental Clinic, ambled down the corridor with a sheaf of papers in his hand.

Dr. Janet Hall was seated at her desk perusing a case history as Dr. Benton entered. She was a small, beautiful, blonde doctor, with hair peeled back from her high forehead, horn-rimmed glasses, and a white coat.

"Lovely morning, eh, doctor?" Dr. Benton said. He took a chair and handed over the file of papers. "An interesting melancholia case," he explained.

Dr. Hall frowned. "I'm afraid I'm too busy at the moment for another patient, doctor."

"Well, this isn't another patient, properly speaking. The fellow is in no sense incapacitated by his ills, and lives his day-to-day life and performs his required duties with complete efficiency."

"Then why are we asked to—" Dr. Hall began.

"A fascinating medical mystery," Dr. Benton interrupted. "Here is a young man of thirty, a radio comedian, who is highly successful in his vocation, earns a large income and enjoys a varied and interesting existence. No, I shouldn't say 'enjoys' —he doesn't enjoy a minute of it."

Dr. Hall read the name from the top sheet of paper, "Ernie Parker."

"That's right. Have you ever heard his programme?"

"I never listen to the radio."

"He has a good show," Dr. Benton said. "Comes on every Sunday afternoon, coast-to-coast, advertising a product called Madame Pompadour's Having Beauty Soap."

"I use the soap."

"Is that so? It's not hurting you, doctor."

"Thank you, doctor," Dr. Hall said. "Might I suggest that Mr. Parker—"

"Everything has been suggested," Dr. Benton said. "Physiotherapy, electrotherapy, autotherapy, and mental therapy. Last summer he flew to Kenya in Africa to get away from it all. He has been to psychologists, psychiatrists, naturopaths, faith healers, fortune-tellers, and a non-member of the Medical Association who wore a string of teeth around his neck and specialised in voodoo."

"I see," Dr. Hall commented dryly.

Dr. Benton rose. "Ernie's history is in these papers, doctor," he said. "Will you read them and give me an opinion, at least?"

"Yes, doctor," Dr. Hall said.

"Thank you," Dr. Benton said.

When she had the time, Dr. Hall went through Ernie Parker's file with care. No man could have been more fully documented mentally and physically; upon finishing, she felt she knew him well. The cause of his unhappiness was certainly as baffling as Dr. Benton had alleged.

Ernie came of unimpeachable stock, had no constitutional defects, and apparently earned large sums of money in an occupation well suited to his talents. He was young, vigorous, and successful.

There was no reason on earth why he should feel mentally low, except that he obviously did.

That evening Dr. Hall dropped by Dr. Benton's office on the way home.

"I've studied the Parker material," Dr. Hall said. "A very strange case. I have no recommendations, but I'll go into the matter with him if you wish."

"Good," Dr. Benton said. "I knew you'd rise to the challenge, doctor. I'll telephone Ernie and arrange to have him meet you to-morrow."

"I note that you refer to him as 'Ernie.'" Dr. Hall said. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"Only through listening to the radio," Dr. Benton replied. "He makes me laugh so hard every Sunday that I have a friendly feeling towards him."

"I see," Dr. Hall said. "Good-night, doctor."

The following afternoon Ernie Parker appeared at the clinic. As she rose to shake hands with him in her businesslike manner, Dr. Hall observed that he was large, with engaging features, was dressed with tweedy carelessness, and gazed at her with big brown eyes that held the gentle hopelessness of a lost spaniel.

"For heaven's sake," Ernie said. "I didn't know there were any gorgeous doctors. When they said I had to come here and talk to a Dr. Janet Hall, I suspected the worst. But I bet you'd be great with your hair loose. Are you really a medico?"

"Really," Dr. Hall said patiently, having been through this scene many times. "Please have a chair, Mr. Parker."

"Well!" Ernie said. "A lovely blonde, probably driving men mad and then curing them. Well, well!"

"Does the thought cheer you?" Dr. Hall asked.

"Doctor," Ernie said, "I wish I could honestly say it did, but it doesn't. Nothing cheers me."

"How do you feel to-day?"

"Indigo, doctor. Or maybe cobalt. Life ain't too funny, is it, doctor?"

"It needn't be hilarious," Dr. Hall said, "in order to be richly rewarding."

"It needs to be on the radio," Ernie said. "No hilarity, no sponsors. No sponsor, no rich rewards. I'm a radio comedian."

"I know."

"Have you heard my programme?"

"No."

"Do you listen to the radio much?"

"Rarely," Dr. Hall said. "I have little time to spare from my professional duties."

"Are you familiar with the Hooper system of rating broadcasting entertainment?"

Dr. Hall shook her head.

"I have a high Hooper," Ernie said, "and low spirits . . . I wish you wouldn't stare at me, doctor. That's a kind of jest—a feeble little jest. From just such weak and trembling beginnings we go on to fashion relaxation for millions every Sunday."

"But it's not a relaxation for you?"

"I have to work on the jokes beforehand with my writers."

"They don't amuse you?"

"Do jokes amuse you?"

"Not particularly," Dr. Hall said "But I'm not a professional humorist. Considering your work——"

"They're all old jokes," Ernie said, "rebuilt for broadcasting. All jokes are old . . . Let's not talk about it, doctor. I'll cut my throat right in front of you."

"That wouldn't be a new experience for me," Dr. Hall said.

"Let's not talk about that, either," Ernie said.

"When did your depression begin, Mr. Parker?"

"I don't know. A couple of years ago, I guess . . . After I had my own programme and everything was going perfectly."

"To what do you attribute your melancholia?"

"I have no opinion."

"Can you recall the incident or situation," Dr. Hall said, "which precipitated your difficulties?"

"Yes, doctor," Ernie said. "It was an afternoon in November, rainy and overcast. We were in a room in Radio City, three writers and myself. The script for that week was almost finished, but we needed a couple more jokes." He sighed heavily.

"I was in high spirits until a guy said, 'Two men are brought before a judge for vagrancy. The judge asks one where he lives. "Nowhere, your Honor," the tramp says. "Where do you live?" the judge says to the second man. "I've got the room above him," the second man says.' Doctor, my spirit was broken right then and there. I never recovered."

There was a short silence. Dr. Hall studied her patient.

"I don't understand, Mr. Parker," she said presently. "It's a harmless enough little pleasantry. Why should that have caused you years of distress?"

"You feel nothing, doctor?"

"No. Should I?"

"Who knows?" Ernie said gloomily. "Let's try on another, just for size. This is a medical jape. The doctor says, 'What is the most you ever weighed?' The patient says, 'A hundred and fifty-four pounds.' The doctor says, 'And what is the least you ever weighed?' The patient says, 'Eight and a quarter pounds.'"

There was another short silence.

"No reaction, huh?" Ernie asked.

"None whatever," Dr. Hall said.

"Well," Ernie said, "you're the doctor, doctor. If I hadn't given up long ago, I'd give up now."

He looked so tortured that Dr. Hall decided not to prolong the interview.

"That's enough for to-day," Dr. Hall said. "I see no point in putting you through further physical examinations and tests. However, I will need to talk to you at some length, Mr. Parker. Nothing resembling a psychiatric session; merely a general conversation for orientation purposes. My free periods are at night because of my work here."

"How about to-night?"

"Thank you for being entirely frank with me," Dr. Hall said coldly. "Only on that basis can we hope to make progress. Let me look at my calendar. Yes, to-night is free. Can you come to my apartment at eight?"

"I'd rather not, doctor," Ernie said. "I have to lead a blameless life on the radio, and coming up to your place to look at medical books might not be regarded as a satisfactory explanation. Listen, why don't you come to my apartment at eight and have dinner with me?"

Please turn to page 34

"Doctor," Ernie said as they walked through the park, "you have made me the happiest man alive."

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A coo-ee from

MADGE ELLIOTT, famous Australian

stage star now in London, who says:

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"Last time I was home in Australia", Madge continues in her airmail letter, "it was a thrill to enjoy all the marvellous good things to eat! But most of all I remember that wonderful chocolate — and how loudly it snapped! I can well believe that the louder the snap the better the chocolate — and Small's Club Chocolate breaks with such a clear, loud SNAP every time. But is it true that the "not so sweet" flavor in Small's Club Chocolate was meant only for men? Well, they can't have it all on their own! I like my chocolate "not so sweet" too!"

Small's make Great Chocolate

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Mary Harden's Paris Notes

Leopard trim is top glamor note this autumn, and looks especially well in minute caps, winter's smartest headwear. High-buttoning coats are new, and black sweaters are allied with plaid. Robin Hood suede bootees are worn with sports clothes.

JEAN DESSES wraps a stole many times round the neck with ends falling down the back, and allies it with minute cap of leopard with pheasant feathers.

SCHIAPARELLI places dicky of leopard with high winged collar in her draped woollen coatee, worn over skirt made with neat line. Leopard cap is set on neat felt band.

PAQUIN achieves newness in full coat with buttons placed high above the waistline, continuing the Empire influence with flap pockets much higher than usual. Collar is made of sheepskin.

HENRY A LA PENSEE adds two velvet bows to his plaid skirt with side fullness hanging on the bias. He allies it with a black sweater.

HERMES designed this coat of natural sheepskin made with the woolly side in and the seams sewn noticeably with over stitches. Schiaparelli's chamois cap can be unbuttoned and put in pocket. Robin Hood influence shows in bootees.

Dorothea Johnston

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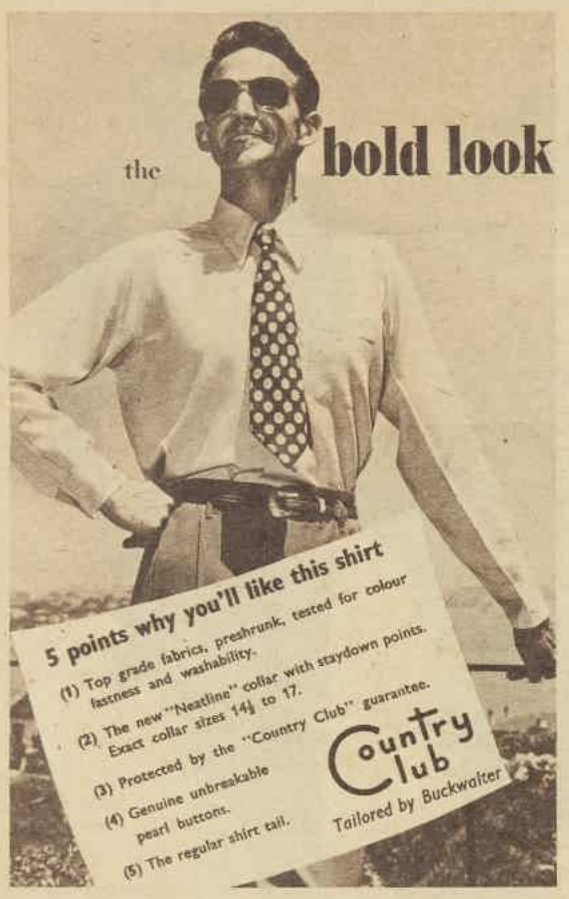

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1 — ALARMED by influx of gold-diggers to Ballarat fields, Governor Hotham introduces system of licences. Miners without these fill the gaols, and the overflow are chained by military to logs.

★ EUREKA STOCKADE ★

4—GOLDFIELDS became the scene of open animosity between military and miners. The Riot Act has been read by an officer to the miners, who have burnt their licences in protest at unfair treatment. As their answer to the now open defiance of the diggers, the military have received orders to fire over their heads.

6—ACTION OF MINERS' brave but pathetic stand against superior military forces in final effort to secure justice is led by Lalor. Eureka Stockade, built by diggers on Bakery Hill, is easily overcome by attacking military. In its defence, Lalor is wounded in arm, some miners are taken prisoner, others escape. Re-creation of miners' historical stand at Eureka Stockade is one of the film's most exciting sequences.

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2—*PROTEST IS VOICED by idealistic digger Peter Lalor (Chips Rafferty) at trial without jury of hotelkeeper Bentley for the murder of a fellow miner, Scobie. Unsatisfied at the aquittal, the miners determine to have their revenge on the bullying Bentley.*

3—*INFLAMED by what they think is the growing injustice of the Governor and military, the miners, despite Lalor's efforts to dissuade them, set fire to Bentley's hotel, and in doing so bring about the ill-famed "digger hunts" as authority's reprisal.*

"EUREKA STOCKADE," directed by Harry Watt, second important film made here by Ealing Studios, will have its Australian premiere at Easter.

The historical drama's leading character, Peter Lalor, is played by Chips Rafferty. Other stars, Jane Barrett, Ralph Truman, Gordon Jackson, and Peter Illing, were brought from England by Ealing.

With its 72 speaking roles, "Eureka Stockade" took seven months to film. It was made at a cost of over £200,000. As many as 1200 extras are used in some of the big scenes.

On location at Blind Creek, Singleton, N.S.W., where the goldfields and township of Ballarat were re-created, it was not unusual for as many as 300 technicians and actors to report on the set daily.

Camera work is by Australian George Heath.

5—*SYMPATHETIC to the gold-diggers, schoolteacher Alicia Dunne (Jane Barrett) listens as Peter Lalor tells her of his efforts to keep in check the more fiery elements among the miners. She finds herself admiring the qualities of humanity and wisdom Lalor displays, and tells him that she thinks he should become the leader and spokesman for the disorganised gold-diggers.*

7—*FUGITIVES are hidden by schoolteacher. Among them is hunted rebel and friend of Lalor, Tom Kennedy (Gordon Jackson).*

8—*PUBLIC AUCTION of land follows. With wife Alicia, Lalor bids for land made available by now more sympathetic Governor.*

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IMITATION of "the splits," given by visiting finger dancer Georges Andre Martin, who uses fingers to simulate legs. Fingertips are encased in metal shoes.

DANCING FINGERS ANIMATE PUPPETS

VISITING French finger dancer Georges Andre Martin is intriguing audiences at the Tivoli Theatre, Melbourne, with his novelty act.

Formerly an electrical engineer, he put his fingers to work for him about 20 years ago, after an impromptu turn in a French night-club, when he "stood in" for a friend who became ill. He has since presented his act at leading cabarets and theatres in Paris, London, and New York, and has given Royal Command performances. He's had feature billing in big white lights on the same programmes as well-known stars, including Lucien Boyer, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, and Dorothy Lamour. M. Martin makes his fingers dance in perfect time and "step" to classical ballet music and waltz, tango, quick-step, Russian folk-dances, hepcat, and tapdance tunes.

CLASSICAL BALLET in miniature is presented by M. Martin. This is his prima ballerina, Mlle Martinelli. Her metal toe boots were made by a jeweller in Paris.

CORPS DE BALLET in suitcase. M. Martin gets ready for a show. For his act he wears black silk gloves with the pointer and second fingers free to give appearance of dancer's legs. Performance is given on miniature stage on a table.

ELEVATION is easily secured in tiny ballet. M. Martin demonstrates a carefully controlled leap, with legs only, black silk gloves clearly visible. Ruffles simulate skirts.

CONTRAST between legs of real ballet and ballerina Mlle Martinelli. M. Martin practises with ballet to amusement of Tivoli girls, often causing Mlle Martinelli to be overcome with professional jealousy.

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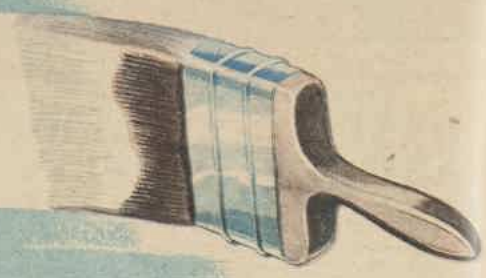

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New Australians helped by migrants of 1919

DANCING CARES AWAY at Union Jack Club in Melbourne. Florence Goodall (left), who has been here five months; Ben Carr, here for 22 years; Julie Doherty, five years; and newcomers Ronald Kent and Shirley Jones.

MR. FRED LANG, secretary of Union Jack Club, tells Mr. and Mrs. David Gough that unemployment was nightmare when he first came to Australia.

Now they hunt for houses where predecessors hunted for jobs

By MARY COLES, of our Melbourne office

New Australians, coping with the hopes and fears of settling in a new country, get their greatest encouragement from fellow countrymen who have already made good here.

In various migrants' clubs and associations all round Australia, recent British arrivals are learning that their counterparts who came out after the first World War also found the going tough at first.

AT the social evenings held at the Union Jack Club in Melbourne, for instance, you hear the president, Bob Malcolm, and secretary, Fred Lang, pointing out that, whereas to-day housing is the worst heartache for Australians and migrants alike, when they came to Australia unemployment was the ogre.

"I just couldn't get work," says Mr Malcolm. "Every time I landed a job the works were declared black.

"Notices were being chalked up everywhere: 'Aussies, wake up. Poms are coming to take your jobs.'

"In the end I gave up trying to work at my own trade as a motor mechanic.

"I went into business for myself as a cartage contractor.

"Look at me to-day . . . one of the most successful in Melbourne.

"That's what comes of being adaptable."

But the process of adapting oneself is at times a painful operation.

Consider the worries that a fine type of English engineer takes to work with him every morning.

His case is typical of innumerable newcomers I met at the Victoria League New Settlers' Club.

Sponsored by a Melbourne engineering firm, he left a more or less dead-end job at £8/4/- to earn a commencing salary here of £9/18/- with good prospects.

The firm arranged to find temporary accommodation for himself, his wife, and their two children at a guest-house.

On his arrival he found, to his horror, that the weekly bed-and-breakfast tariff for the four was nine guineas a week.

The two extra meals a day have to be eaten out, at restaurants, and hotels on Sundays, when most cafes are closed, and are costing about £8 a week.

On his £9/18/- salary this means food alone is cutting a big hole in their rapidly dwindling savings.

Time off from his job to hunt for more satisfactory accommodation has added to their heavy expense.

"I don't want to go back!" he said. "Australia is such a wonderful place for the children."

The bed-and-breakfast tariff racket at soaring casual rates is breaking a good many stout hearts.

Finding full board at a reasonable cost is as hard as getting a self-contained flat with all mod. cons.

Typical menu at a guest-house for working men is spaghetti and mince for breakfast, cold meat served on bread-and-butter plates for lunch, and a shop-bought meat pie and sauce for dinner, with stewed apricots as dessert during the summer, when the landlady's tree is bearing fruit.

Tariff is £2/10/- and no complaints about your damp room or the grim plumbing.

The English toolmaker who supplied this information, provided his name wasn't mentioned, as "he didn't want to get turfed out," told me an estate agent found him accommodation when he first arrived here. It was sharing a very dirty room with a "soak" in a slum area for 25/- a week bed and breakfast. He stayed only one night, but the agent refused to refund any of the 25/- fee charged for finding the accommodation.

All migrants are emphatic that Australia House, London, makes it clear that the Australian housing shortage is worse than England's.

"But it is hard to get a real picture of the position before you arrive," said Mrs. R. W. Newman, science mistress at a Melbourne girls' school.

She and her husband live in a couple of rooms in an old house used for classrooms.

Most happily placed migrants are young Englishmen who are quartered with private families, or have jobs with board provided.

Bachelors Henry Hughes and Thomas Eastlake, who came out to join the Victorian Police Force, assured me they have no problems.

"But," conceded Henry, smilingly casting an appreciative eye at a group of pretty girls, "we might have a housing problem a bit later."

Most migrants find the higher wages they are earning here are offset by increased cost of living.

In England, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Williams, of Latrobe Street, Melbourne, and their four children, paid 15/- a week for a flat above the garage where Mr. Williams worked as a tyre fitter.

His wages were £5 a week.

Here, by changing his occupation and working as a furniture storeman, his income is now £9/12/6.

But it's not buying as much as his £5 did. Their rental for one room is £2 a week.

The problems of migrants who have come out to live with relatives are endless.

They range from instances of flagrant exploitation to having to break bread with a brother-in-law you can't bear.

But, in spite of such dangers, immigration authorities have found that migrants who come out to relatives don't have the lost, bewildered period usually suffered by newcomers.

Happy migrants are the Andrew Turnbull family — Andrew, his wife, and their two grown-up sons.

Andrew, a former Glasgow laborer, now has the best job of his life. The boys have first-rate plumbing jobs.

Mrs. Turnbull is reunited with a sister, Miss Bessie Currie, after being parted for 22 years.

Miss Currie has made her comfortable home at Preston the Turnbulls' castle.

But . . . even Andrew Turnbull has a problem. He's a bowls-playing Scot. And there's one thing that "perturrrbs him about Melbourrrne."

Unlike Glasgow, it hasn't any frrree bowling grrreens!

Basic facts of these stories are repeated scores of times as migrants retail their experiences.

To the disillusioned, Australia is a land flowing with milk and honey . . . provided you bring your own cows and bees. For others, it's still a potential Utopia.

PROBLEM SOLVED. Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Owen, and their daughters Pamela and Valma, reunited after Mrs. Owen and the children had been living in the country with relatives while Mr. Owen boarded in Melbourne. Now they have a house at Richmond at a moderate rent.

OUR COVER

● The study on our cover this week shows two new Australians, migrants from the Ukraine, who are now making a new life in Canberra. They are Nonna Teodorowycz and Romaniw Sofia, and were photographed in their colorful national dress on Sunday morning after the church service shown in pictures on page 19.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY TO BE 6d.

YOUR copy of The Australian Women's Weekly will cost sixpence from next week.

We greatly regret this increase, but rising costs make it unavoidable.

Every item involved in the production of a newspaper is a great deal dearer now than it was before the war, and, in fact, than it was even twelve months ago.

Here are some examples:

● Newsprint, which cost £15 per ton in 1939, is now £70 per ton. The paper used in The Australian Women's Weekly at the present time is £42 per ton dearer than that used twelve months ago.

● During the past twelve months, increases in the basic wage alone added £615 per week to the company's wages bill.

● Freight costs have increased by one hundred per cent. over the war years, and recent increases in rail and general freights are estimated to amount to £70,000 per annum.

During the war and postwar years the company bore the main burden of the extra charges, making only one small increase of a penny in the price of the paper. But recent heavy cost increases force the new price rise.

The Australian Women's Weekly brings you an unequalled service of news, fiction, fashions, and features from all over the world.

Staffs are maintained in London and New York, as well as throughout Australia, and correspondents follow the news elsewhere, just as they covered battlefronts during the war.

It costs a lot of money to provide these comprehensive services and to maintain the home and overseas offices which have made this paper outstanding among women's journals.

We intend to maintain the same high standard and have every confidence in the continued enthusiastic support of readers all over Australia.

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Editorial

MARCH 26, 1949

COLLEGES OF NURSING

THE first students of the new College of Nursing in N.S.W. began their training last week. This college, similar to one already existing in Melbourne, will provide specialised post-graduate training for nurses.

Success of any community's medical services depends to a large extent upon its nurses, and for years there has been much concern about the shortage of nurses and the reluctance of young girls to enter the profession.

Establishment of such colleges should help.

To ambitious girls, nursing seems less attractive than many other callings.

They see elsewhere the promise of larger and quicker returns for less strenuous training, and easier conditions, more freedom, and wider opportunities in the future.

Colleges of nursing, however, will draw their attention to opportunities available to the nurse who is prepared to do extra study for such senior positions as those of sister tutor or hospital administrator, or for specialised work in the hospital theatre or industrial nursing.

There is a move on foot now to establish a Federal school for post-graduate work, which would train nurses from all States.

Hitherto, to obtain recognised diplomas in most of these specialised fields, Australian nurses have had to study abroad.

The move, and the existing colleges, will have the support of all those who are wondering now whether care of the nation's sick may not break down entirely because of the shortage of skilled, devoted nursing.

WORTH Reporting

MILD-MANNERED 73-year-old big-game trapper Chris Schulz and his 63-year-old wife, Elizabeth, were pleasantly surprised at our suggestion that big-game hunting might be too arduous for people of their age.

"It is an active life, and busy, but very healthy," Mr. Schulz said, while his smiling wife nodded agreement.

Mrs. Schulz accompanies her husband on all his expeditions, and helps him catch wild beasts and train them to captivity.

Mr. Schulz was firm that we should not confuse big-game trapping with the sport of big-game hunting, which he described as an unnecessary and cruel pastime.

To fit our idea of big-game hunters the Schulz pair are quite out of character. They look like gentle and benevolent grandparents. He is a slight, bespectacled, and scholarly looking man, and she is plump, grey-haired, and serene.

Mr. Schulz has been trapping game in Africa for 50 years, and his wife has been out there with him since 1910.

"To be a successful trapper of wild game that is to be reared and kept in captivity, one must have a deep love of animals," Mr. Schulz said.

"To handle them successfully my wife and I have found that kindness is the best policy."

Mr. and Mrs. Schulz are German born, but have lived in British East Africa for the greater part of their lives. At the outbreak of war they were stranded in Germany when the ship on which they were travelling back to Africa was prevented by the authorities from leaving Hamburg.

"This was the second time in my life I had been trapped," said Mr. Schulz. "The first time was also at Hamburg, when a friend brought the lady who is now my wife to see the cargo of wild animals I had brought to Germany.

"She was interested in the animals, and later in the man. Then I was captured."

Mr. and Mrs. Schulz have established quite a dynasty of big-game trappers. Their only son, Walter, married an American girl, who accompanies him on expeditions, in between raising two likely young hunters, both boys.

Any suggestions?

FRIENDS of ours living at Hunter's Hill, a Sydney suburb, are searching for a "possum-repellent."

Hunter's Hill is a leafy suburb, and there seem to be as many possums as people.

The creatures drive the householders nearly crazy, scampering over the roofs, quarrelling in their penetrating screams and guttural hisses half the night. They get into ceilings, where they play a continual game of "chasings."

One resident who owns a parrot keeps a biscuit-tin containing parrot-seed on top of the cage. The other day she discovered a possum sitting on top of the cage, gripping the tin, prising the lid open with its nose, and eating the contents.

In New South Wales possums are protected, though permits to destroy a limited number are sometimes issued by the Chief Secretary's Department, provided the Department is satisfied that the animals are actually destructive.

Our friends, however, are animal lovers, would not want to kill the creatures if they could.

"But," they say, plaintively, "there are shark-repellents and mosquito - repellents. Why not a possum-repellent?"

"You've been following the wrong blueprints!"

Honey colors

AT the Queanbeyan (N.S.W.) Show Mr. A. H. Scattergood won the major prizes for honey.

He told us that this has been a very good flowering season. He has 300 hives, and with them migrates to the tablelands in summer and the coast in winter.

"Yellow box blossom gives a light honey, best for trade purposes," he told us. "Red gum gives a medium gold honey, stringy bark a dark variety. Lucerne honey has a strong and pleasant flavor."

Pianist's luggage

TWO sets of Steinway piano hammers will form part of Aleksandr Helmann's luggage when the celebrated Russian pianist tours Australia this winter. He will have them put into pianos he plays at country centres.

Another odd piece in his luggage will be a clavichord, which will appear on the platform at some of his concerts. After playing Bach on the Steinway Grand, Helmann will let his audience hear the composer on the clavichord, instrument of his own day.

Helmann is so determined he shall be at his best for Australia that he insists on practising after he lands at Perth for the number of weeks he will have lost while at sea. Only then will he be heard in public.

* * *

BILLI CHEATWOOD, of Beverly Hills, California, has a highly successful business making glamor gloves. She makes them of fur, lace, and printed material. Her gloves don't necessarily match, nor are there always two gloves. For evening wear one elaborate glove is sometimes used to dramatise a gown.

Eccentrics

THE British people have a reputation for being level-headed, but some of the strange things they do must astonish foreigners.

The other day at the London office of Thomas Cook's Travel Bureau an elderly lady electrified people of about 17 nationalities standing behind her.

She was asking the dates of sailings to America. As the clerk slowly read out departure dates she consulted a book on astrology. After half an hour's earnest study she packed the book away, and said she would return when the stars were more propitious.

Then there was the man in Colchester, Essex, who dialled the police and danger number 999.

"My alarm clock is broken," he said breathlessly to the officer in charge. "I don't know what to do. It's most important. Please call me at six."

However, he was a mild customer compared with the two maiden sisters who were prosecuted recently because they reported an imaginary crime at a cafe so that they could see how the police worked.

British Exhibition

IN 1951 Britain will hold an exhibition to mark the centenary of the Great Exhibition of 1851.

Central site of the festivities will be the south bank of the Thames. Temporary buildings of a new kind of fabric will be erected to house the exhibition, which will show all kinds of Britain's manufactures and inventions.

As well, there will be an architectural exhibition on a site not yet chosen. It will consist of full-size buildings. Some will be left at various stages of construction to show advances in building science.

After the exhibition the buildings will be completed and handed over for permanent occupation.

An eight weeks' festival of arts will be held in London, with theatres, concert halls, art galleries, and museums all putting on their finest entertainment. There will also be festivals at other centres in the United Kingdom, and special vacation courses will probably be held at Oxford and Cambridge.

Better boarding-houses

SEASIDE landladies in Norfolk, England, want to pep up their boarding-houses to compete against the ever-growing competition from big holiday camps.

Crowds of landladies have applied to join the special cookery classes arranged by the Great Yarmouth Boarding-house Association in conjunction with the local Education Authority.

There have been so many applicants that there is a waiting-list.

Extremes in jobs

ENGLISH publicity and advertising man Mr. Samuel J. Battersby, who is visiting Australia, likes to get news into the papers these days.

Once his job was to keep a lot of it out—he was a censor in England during the war.

When we talked to him in Sydney, he gave interesting details about the Calico Printers' Association, Ltd., which he represents, and which includes three famous English rayon and cotton spinning mills.

He reverted to his blue-pencilling habits only once, when he mentioned a wonderful new textile which is still in its infancy. "I think it's too early to say much about that," he said.

He did say the Australian market can expect a bigger and better supply of English rayons and a good supply of cotton textiles.

Mr. Battersby, a dark and handsome 38-year-old bachelor, telling us of his years as a censor, quoted "An Epitaph to a Censor," published in England after the war:

Here at length in sweet repose
A censor lies, but who, Lord knows.
When raging pressmen shot him dead,
Filled like his pencil full of lead,
E'en in the graveyard he was game,
Arose and blackened out his name.

Poverty in Europe

EVEN the mice in Europe are hungry.

An Italian Red Cross worker writes: "One day I went with the Mayor to the Town Hall cellar to check supplies.

"Out of one of the boxes which had arrived only the day before, I pulled a pair of boy's trousers. The mice had eaten them to shreds.

"I asked the Mayor if I could distribute the trousers left in the box. He smiled wearily, and said, 'You TRY.'

"I did try. One thousand boys needed clothing and I had only 20 pairs of trousers for them.

"I tried to find the 20 neediest cases. Mothers poured out of every house and rushed me with pieces of paper bearing the names and needs of their children.

"I had to retreat and give out pants surreptitiously, one pair at a time, for the next few weeks."

Interesting People

MR. A. C. COOK
. . . blind economist

CONTINUING his career despite loss of sight, former junior lecturer on staff of University of W.A., Mr. A. C. Cook, is doing his Ph.D. in economics at the London School of Economics. Mr. Cook lost his sight in 1940, and is now in London on a Hackett Studentship given by the Perth University. The Braille Society for the Blind in Western Australia supplemented the Scholarship that sent him abroad to work for new degree.

MISS LILIAN WYLES
. . . woman detective

RETIRING this month after 30 years' service at Scotland Yard is Britain's first official woman detective, Detective-Inspector Lilian Wyles. Now 64, she has worked on many famous cases. She is retiring to Cornwall, where she hopes to live "without any excitements." She describes her first uniform as a "round pudding-basin helmet, high-necked serge jacket, ankle-length skirt, and knee-high leather boots." Hobbies are sailing and gardening.

MR. EDWIN HARRISON
. . . composer

AFTER 12 successful years in England, composer Edwin Harrison has returned to Australia to find a new market for his music, which has become popular with the B.B.C. Recently he has had four descriptive works broadcast. They are "Momentum," "Celtic Dance," "Cameo of the Clown," and "Rustic Festival." He has brought several new compositions to Australia, and is now in Sydney with his wife and daughter Patricia, a dramatic art student.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

A feast of thrilling reading — buy Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, this month and every month. 1/-.

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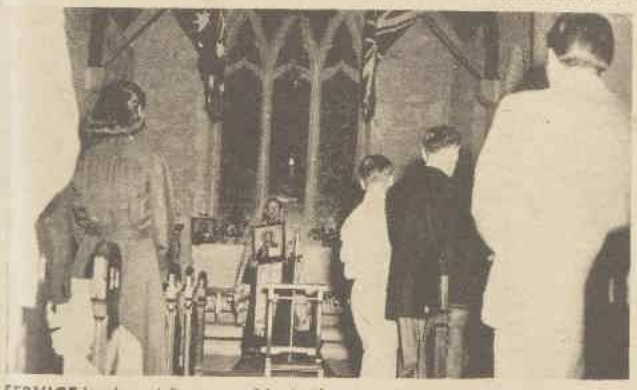
GREEK RITUAL IN CANBERRA CHURCH

AT UKRAINIAN CHURCH SERVICE at St. John's, Canberra. Romaniw Sofia kisses the Cross and Nonna, daughter of the pastor, waits her turn. The two girls have jobs as waitresses in a Canberra hotel.

CHOIRMASTER Paul Piwowar in shirtsleeves directs the responses at practice. Church is lent to the Ukrainians every Sunday.



SERVICE begins at 9 a.m. and lasts three-and-a-half hours. Church spokesman said membership is increasing rapidly as migrants arrive.

MIGRANTS are bringing to Australia traditions of their homelands in religion and culture. One instance of this is the colorful church service conducted for Ukrainians in the century-old St. John the Baptist's Church at Canberra. A migrant pastor, Rev. Anany Teodorowycz, officiates. The congregation are adherents of the Greek Orthodox Church, and a visiting Greek clergyman from Sydney conducts weddings and baptisms. The Duke of Edinburgh's mother, Princess Alice of Battenberg, recently entered the religious life of the Greek Orthodox Church and is now a nun on the Greek island of Tenos, in the Aegean Sea. She will leave the nunnery only for a brief visit to her son and Princess Elizabeth later this year.

IN IMPRESSIVE ROBES the pastor blesses congregation with incense. His elder son, Alexander, former architecture student, is now pick and shovel worker.

UNOFFICIAL VISITOR, this stray cattle dog slept through one Sunday morning service in the Governor-General's pew at St. John's.

REV. ANANY TEODOROWYCZ, formerly pastor of biggest church in Rowno, in the Ukraine, works as laborer at government sawmill. He has a wife and three children.

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Made by

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Friday's Child

Continued from page 5

SHERRY, usually the most hospitable of hosts, made no effort to detain his visitor. When George had gone, he went back into his library and sat down to think very hard indeed.

The result of this concentrated thought was to plunge him into quite the most horrid week of his life. His friends, daily expecting to see him at one of his usual haunts, looked for him in vain.

His lordship was out of town, travelling first into Buckinghamshire, to Fakenham Manor, and thence all the way north to Lancashire, to Croxteth Hall, the Earl of Sefton's country seat. He drew blank at both these establishments, but both his aunt and Lady Sefton inexorably dragged his story out of him, and then favored him with their separate, but curiously similar, readings of his character.

Lady Fakenham was a good deal more outspoken than Lady Sefton, told him that he had come by his deserts, and sped him on his way to Lancashire with the depressing reminder that he had only his abominable selfishness to thank for whatever disaster might befall his wife, adrift in a harsh world.

Lady Sefton, having reduced the unfortunate Viscount to a condition of speechless endurance, relented towards him sufficiently to permit him two rays of sunshine.

She thought it probable that Hero would presently return to Half Moon Street; and she engaged herself to smooth over any unpleasantness that might have arisen in influential quarters from the projected race.

The Viscount posted back to London. The house in Half Moon Street seemed desolate, almost as though someone had died there, he thought. He would have liked to have left it; but when he had made all his plans for shutting it up, and returning to his old lodgings, he changed his mind, and determined to stay there.

To shut the house would give rise to much gossip and speculation; and if Hero came back to him it would be a shocking thing to her.

Mr Ringwood was back in town again, saying with perfect truth, that he saw no reason why his rich uncle should not survive for another ten years. Mr. Ringwood said also that he was devilish sorry to hear from George that Lady Sherry was so indisposed as to have been obliged to retire into the country.

Sherry, who had schooled himself to answer such remarks with mechanical civility, found a certain measure of relief in being able to throw off his mask before the friend whom he most trusted. He said abruptly: "It's not true. Only the tale I've put about. She's left me."

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr Ringwood.

Sherry gave a short laugh. "You heard me, Gil! She ran away, because I said she was to go down to my mother at Sheringham Place. She took some absurd notion into her head—all nonsense, of course!—and she was gone before I'd time to explain why I—— For naturally I meant to make all clear to her, and there was no question of—— But that's a female all over!"

Mr Ringwood said: "Don't play off your tricks on me, Sherry! The truth is, I take it, that you quarrelled with her over that race?"

"Quarrelled! Gil, do you know what she meant to do? I was very angry! Dash it, any man would have been! But that was not why she ran away! I said she should go to my mother and she did not choose to. Talked some fustian about my mother's thinking she had ruined my life—fiddle!"

"No wish to say a word against your mother, Sherry, dear boy, but that's what she has been saying."

Sherry stared at him. "It's not possible! I never heard a word of this!"

"Not likely you would," said Mr Ringwood. "True, for all you may not have heard it. Often thought you don't pay enough heed to what's dashed well under your nose, Sherry. Not surprised Kitten wouldn't go to Sheringham Place. Don't think her ladyship would have wanted her either. If you don't mind my saying so, my dear fellow, the odds are she'd have tried to bully Kitten."

The Viscount's eyes sparkled. "Oh, no, she would not!" he said. "She'd have had me to reckon with! And if I'd seen her, or anyone else, bullying my Kitten——"

"Point is, you wouldn't have been there to have seen it," said Mr. Ringwood dryly. "Don't suppose you meant to stay at Sheringham Place, did you?"

"No, but—— Well, naturally I should have gone down there from time to time, and——" He stopped, looking sulky, and rather defensive. "So you think I was wrong to decide to take Kitten there, do you? Much you know about it!"

Mr. Ringwood disregarded this rider, and he answered frankly: "Yes, I do think you were wrong."

"But what else could I have done?" Sherry burst out. "We could not have continued as we were! Dash it, we have not been married much above four months, and if you knew the half of the crazy things Kitten would have done had I not been at hand to prevent her——"

"Ah!" interrupted Mr. Ringwood. "Put your finger on it, Sherry, haven't you? Didn't do crazy things when you were at hand."

"How could I always be at hand? Did you expect me to change my whole way of living, simply because I was married?"

"Expected you to settle down a trifle, dear boy. Never fancied the notion of it for myself, which is why I've stayed single. Seems to me a fellow can't continue in the same way once he ties himself up. What do you mean to do now?"

"Find her, of course! I made sure she would have gone to my aunt Fakenham, or even to Lady Sefton, but she did not. I tell you I'm at my wits' end, Gil!" He shrugged hopelessly.

"With setting it about she's ill, and fobbing people off, and trying to undo the harm that infernal race caused, and not knowing where to look for her—I'm so worried I can't sleep at night! Dash it, I should never have been mad enough to have married a chit out of the schoolroom, and that's the truth of it!"

MR. RINGWOOD surveyed his friend steadily for a long moment. "Are you wishing you hadn't married Kitten, Sherry?" he asked.

"I wish I hadn't married anyone!" Sherry said petulantly. "Don't you, Gil! There's nothing but trouble and anxiety; and the devil of it is that you can't alter it, and—no, you don't even want to! The thing is, I suppose a fellow grows used to having a wife, and then—— Oh, I miss her like the devil, Gil!"

"Dare say she'll come back to you," said Mr Ringwood, at his most phlegmatic.

"Yes, that's what I tell myself, and sometimes I believe it. It's possible she's playing a trick on me, for she was always the naughtiest chit imaginable! And then I think she ain't, and when I start wondering what kind of a scrape she may have got herself into by now—well, it ain't surprising I can't sleep! If only I had the least notion where to look for her!"

He ran a hand through his fair locks. "Isabella is back in town, or so they tell me. She may be able to help me, for she's known Kitten since they were children. I've sent round a note, asking her if she will see me privately. I don't know if I can trust her not to spread the truth round town, but if Kitten don't come back soon it will be bound to leak out, anyway."

Mr. Ringwood, retiring from this interview in due course, was not dissatisfied with what he had heard. He told Lord Wrotham that he fancied the business would work out tolerably well, and strongly vetoed his lordship's suggestion that it was time they told Sherry the truth.

Moreover, he was able to assure George that Lady Saltash had taken an instant liking to Hero, and, having heard the whole story of the marriage, had accorded her grandson's intervention her unqualified approval.

What her ladyship had actually said was: "You're not such a fool as I had thought, Gilbert. Don't tell me what Anthony said and did! I've known that boy since before he was breeched. An engaging scamp, that's what he is! Go back to London, and take that silly creature, Ferdy Fakenham, with you, for if ever anyone gave me the fidgets it's he!"

When Sherry visited Miss Milborne, he found her not in quite her usual looks or spirits, but as his mind was wholly occupied by his own troubles, and he was not, in any event, an observant young gentleman, he noticed nothing amiss, but plunged immediately into the object of his visit, saying jerkily, "Bella, do you know—can you tell me where Hero is?"

He then told the whole story. Miss Milborne was very much shocked. Unlike his aunt, and Lady Sefton, and Mr. Ringwood, she neither said nor believed that Sherry was to blame for Hero's flight; and she would have extended her warmest sympathy towards him would he but have accepted it.

But such was his perversity that no sooner did he find himself in the company of a partisan than he spared no pains to assure her that the fault had been his from start to finish, and that if his Hero had erred in judgment it was through innocence and his own neglect.

Miss Milborne thought that such sentiments did him honor, and said so, to which his lordship replied shortly: "Fudge!"

She would have lent him any aid that lay in her power, but with the best will in the world there was nothing she could do, since she had no more idea than he where Hero might have hidden herself. Only one idea, and that a painful one, occurred to her. She asked, with a little difficulty, if Sherry had spoken to Lord Wrotham.

"He don't know anything," Sherry replied impatiently. "Thinks she's in the country, indisposed."

Miss Milborne rather carefully smoothed out her handkerchief. "I only thought . . . It has sometimes seemed to me that—that George displays a marked partiality for Hero, Sherry."

"Oh, there's nothing in that!" he said. "You should know George don't give a button for any female but yourself!"

Miss Milborne colored faintly, and looked up as though she would have liked to have said more. But Sherry, having no interest outside his own pressing problem, was already on his feet, and wishing to take his leave.

As she shook hands she informed him, a little consciously, that she was going into Kent for a time. He accepted this without surprise or interest, and so they parted. Miss Milborne did her best not to feel ill-used, but could not help reflecting that his lordship was a singularly impercipient young man.

For Miss Milborne, for the first time in her life had behaved in a manner contrary to her own interests, thus disobliging her Mama, and leading that redoubtable dame to prophesy a single existence for her, attended by all the ills that were commonly supposed to wait on spinsters.

Miss Milborne, travelling to Severn Towers with the dutiful intention of fulfilling her Mama's expectations, had been received by the Duchess with every mark of distinguishing attention.

There had been a number of other, and certainly more exalted, guests, but she had known herself to be the guest of honor, and had had no difficulty in interpreting her hostess' benign manner to signify approval of Severn's suit.

None the less, just as everything was in train for a brilliant betrothal, Miss Milborne knew that she could not marry Severn, and refused his offer of marriage.

The Duchess was both staggered and affronted; and Mrs. Milborne, declaring that her daughter was out of her senses, brought her straight back to London.

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COMING-OUT DANCE. Diana Macarthur Onslow (centre), daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Denzil Macarthur Onslow, is offered a savory by Rosemary Turnbull, while her cousin, Susan King, looks on.

DOUBLE CELEBRATION. Mora Dunlop, who celebrated her twenty-first birthday and the announcement of her engagement to Victor Maxwell at party at home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Leslie Dunlop, of Point Piper. Victor is only son of Mr. Justice Maxwell and Mrs. Maxwell, of Edgecliff.

AT YASS "PICNICS": Jacqueline Champnoys, of Queensland (left), Judith McAuliffe, Yass; Jeanne Marie Hanon, of Queanbeyan; Leslie Clayton, of Gold Creek; and Jane Smith. Jacqueline is Jane's guest.

BRIDE-TO-BE. Maurine Dobbs and her fiance, John Goldston, who will marry at St. Matthew's, Manly, on April 9. Maurine is only child of Alderman and Mrs. F. M. Dobbs, of Manly.

Intimate Gossiping

CELEBRATION of St. Patrick's Day held in great style in Canberra when Minister for Eire, Dr. T. J. Kiernan, and his charming wife hold huge barbecue in marquee on allotment adjacent to their home.

Guests total 800, and include diplomatic representatives, members of Parliament, Canberra residents, and friends from "Townsville to Fremantle!"

Mrs. Kiernan tells me new Legation is to be built soon, near Prime Minister's Lodge. Architect Jack Hennessey and his wife are both guests at barbecue. Believe plans will incorporate medieval Irish round towers, old lines and designs. These will be submitted for approval to Raymond McGrath, another Australian, who is architect to the Board of Works in Dublin.

In addition to being hostess to 800 guests, Mrs. Kiernan sings Irish folk songs at St. Patrick's Day concert at Albert Hall. She wears very fine Irish hand-woven black tweed dinner gown and is accompanied by Mrs. N. H. Fisher.

• • •

DR. LES POIDEVIN, of Scone, and his pretty wife, Rosemarie, are delighted with the arrival of their first baby, a daughter. Rosemarie will be remembered before her marriage as Rosemarie St. John Poole, of Adelaide.

• • •

THEY'RE being congratulated: The Tom Stirtons on the birth of their daughter at Brancaster Hospital, Scone . . . the Wal Munros on the birth of their son at King George V.

PLANS for new hostel. Patty Loo Haas (left), Hope Hughes, Mrs. C. T. Lorenz inspect plans for new hostel which will be opened on April 2 for adult deaf and dumb people.

SIGNING THE REGISTER. Miles Daniel and his bride, formerly Patricia White, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. T. W. White, of Cooper, sign register at St. Philip's, Church Hill, after ceremony.

WED AT ST. JAMES'. Richard Hall and his bride, formerly Elizabeth Wiggan, only child of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. H. Wiggan, of Pymble, late of Willawa, Condobolin. Richard is second son of Lieut. B. Y. Hall, R.A.N., naval headquarters, Melbourne, and Mrs. Hall.

WED AT ST. MARY'S. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Bartin leave St. Mary's Cathedral after nuptial mass with their attendants, Brian Lloyd, Anne's sister, Mrs. Bernard O'Sullivan, Stuart White, and Julia Burton. Anne is younger daughter of Dr. H. B. Ozenham, of Leichhardt.

DISAPPOINTING week-end as far as enthusiastic punters were concerned when 1949 Yass "picnics" were cancelled because of bad weather. Heavy downpour made track unsafe for amateur riders, but Yass overflowing with country folk, so dozens of impromptu parties are arranged on the spot: house parties in full swing, and organised social schedule still followed.

Large cocktail party is held at Lawn Tennis Club, and ball at Memorial Hall. Frocking at ball is super. Notice Mrs. J. Pratten, of "Sugarloaf," Yass, in smooth black chantilly lace mounted on pink satin petticoats; Mrs. W. F. Castle Roche, of "Cavan," wears grey net mounted on mauve and green taffeta; Mrs. Marie Lord, of Sydney, in strapless cinnamon moire.

• • •

GAY cocktail-cum-dinner dance at vice-president Mr. E. J. Merriman's property, "Ravensworth," Yass. Two hundred guests have exciting 16-mile trek out to homestead over sticky roads, with creeks running high and whole countryside looking like lake. Greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Merriman, party included president of picnics, Ned de Mestre, and his wife, of "Fairview," Binalong; the Roy Smiths, from "Brooklands"; secretary Jack James and his pretty wife, Enid; and the John D'Arcy Bucknells, from Tamworth.

• • •

TWO reasons for celebration in the Vautin home. Mr. and Mrs. Claude Vautin entertain in honor of their two sons, Bill and Claude. Bill, who was major with Army in Japan, arrives back after 21 months overseas, and Claude announces his engagement to Iris Edwards, whom he will marry on March 26 at Randwick Presbyterian Church. Among guests were Bill and Claude's sister Mary and her husband, Dr. Bruce Donnan, and pals of Bill's who all attended Grammar, the Uni, and who were then young residents at Sydney Hospital. Mrs. Vautin's aunt, Mrs. M. Roberts, of Western Australia, was also among the guests.

Bill will take up new position as one of the doctors at the Coast Hospital.

GUESTS covered glamorous cocktail gowns with raincoats and cocktail hats with umbrellas when they arrived at the housewarming party given by Nell and Alex Atwill at their new home at Wentworth Road, Vaucluse. Nell wore tan net cocktail gown with gold kid belt encircling her tiny waist, and she completed her ensemble with gold lizard shoes. Only one guest among their circle was missing from party, and that was Nell's young daughter Carolyn, who has now commenced boarding-school.

• • •

COOLEST spot in Sydney is Glaciarium during Sydney's humid spell when I go and watch season's opening of graceful sport. Spot the Rev. John Kirk and his charming wife taking to the ice in great style and later see them with their young daughter Carolyn, who is negotiating rink for the first time, but taking it well in her stride. The Kirks come down from Camden and are joined at Glaciarium by Ellie's sister, Mrs. Charles Croucher. Mrs. Kirk and her sister were well known skaters before the war, and, as the Jenkins sisters, were two popular exhibition skaters at the rink. Lots of lovely skating costumes, but think first prize should go to Joy Stewart, of Randwick, who looks trim in white pleated skating skirt with red sweater and red fisherman's cap.

• • •

TWENTY-FIRST birthday celebrations for Beryl Wightman when her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wightman, of Greenwich, entertain 40 young guests in their home at a buffet dinner dance. Beryl's two sisters, Phyllis and Shirley, help entertain.

• • •

BRIEFLY: Leaving for Sydney at end of March after glorious holiday and round of shows in England is Mrs. Derek Crookes. Joy will arrive here in April and make her way to her home in Rangoon . . . Mrs. R. A. McDonald, of Redbraes, Quirindi, is holidaying in Tasmania with her son Bruce. They stay at Hadley's and then go on to Melbourne, where they make Hotel Windsor their headquarters.

Joyce

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THERE'S MORE TO

THIS than

meets the

eye....

Suppose you had to choose between fine new curtains for the lounge and a Life Assurance policy — which would you take? Beauty for the home and comfort for the present; or protection for a future that seems a long way off. Would you weigh the pros and cons and admit that, "There's more to this than meets the eye"?

For Life Assurance is the one institution which makes systematic saving easy. It is the one institution which provides full benefits in the event of early death. No system of individual saving and investment can hope to give such complete protection, no matter how carefully it is followed.

But that is only part of the story. Life Assurance not only protects you all through life, it makes money for you. These profits are added to the sum for which your husband is assured and are known as "bonuses". They are additions which increase the value of his policy from year to year . . . they are the material "plus" in his policy.

And even that is not the whole story. The savings your husband puts aside must be invested to bring you all the benefits which only Life Assurance can offer. And these savings are constructively used for the betterment of Australia. They are an active stimulus to transport and home building, to road making and bridge building, to primary production and secondary industry. That is why . . .

THREE MILLION POLICYHOLDERS . . . . SEVEN AND A HALF MILLION AUSTRALIANS....BENEFIT BY

LIFE ASSURANCE

ISSUED BY THE LEADING LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICES IN AUSTRALIA

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Friday's Child

Continued from page 20

IT was only back home in London that the evils consequent upon her daughter's rejection of his grace's hand were borne in upon Mrs. Milborne. No one believed that his grace had come up to scratch.

Mrs. Milborne read the truth in the discreetly veiled smiles which met any reference to the affair.

Miss Milborne was quite as conscious as her parent of this disagreeable circumstance. She had foreseen it, though she had certainly not foreseen that Lord Wrotham should fall into vulgar error.

But this was precisely what that impetuous young man had done, and it apparently led him to suffer a revulsion of feeling. Instead of being relieved and gratified at the Beauty's return, unbetrothed, to London, he laughed in a harsh and bitter way, and uttered some comments so caustic as to be almost insulting.

Miss Milborne, who had fallen into the way of thinking that he might be treated with impunity like a stray mongrel, suffered a severe shock, and was torn by indignation and a curious satisfaction that he could not, after all, be whistled back to heel at her pleasure.

But to have lost in far too rapid succession three such notable suitors as my Lord Sheringham, his Grace of Severn, and my Lord Wrotham was hard indeed to bear.

Sir Montagu Revesby's increasingly assiduous attentions came as a slight balm to a wounded spirit, but when Mrs. Milborne said that her undutiful child would be better off in the country, she raised no demur, and departed to recruit her spirits in Kent.

Lord Wrotham promptly flung himself into the dogged pursuit of pleasure, behaving in a very reckless style; losing a great deal of money at the gaming-tables; all but breaking his neck on the hunting-field; indulged in orgies of drinking.

Sherry, meanwhile, was no nearer to discovering his vanished wife's whereabouts than he had been at the outset; and he was not finding that custom was making him grow any more reconciled to her absence.

As day succeeded day he missed her increasingly, and the house they had chosen together became ever more unfriendly to him. He even missed the canary's shrill song, which had so often exasperated him.

He had chafed at the bonds which matrimony had imposed on him; he had fancied his comfort to have been ruined by her habit of getting into scrapes from which he was obliged to rescue her; he had even remembered nostalgically the days of his bachelordom, and had thought that he would like to have them back again.

Well, Hero had given them back to him, and they proved to be Dead Sea fruit.

The news of Hero's disappearance had, of course, reached the Dowager Lady Sheringham, and as she had the best of reasons for knowing that her daughter-in-law was not, as the world believed, recuperating at Sheringham Place, she wrote to demand an explanation of Sherry.

After turning her letter over once or twice, Sherry drove down to Kent and gave her the explanation in person. Mr. Paulett, who was present, started to bemoan a marriage which he had always foreseen would end in just such a way, and was startled to find himself confronting a nephew he did not recognise.

Sherry was neither boyishly sulky, nor violently threatening. He was icily and implacably civil, and he showed his uncle out of the room, holding the door open for him, and bowing with a cold formality Mr. Paulett found singularly unnerving.

The Dowager, observing these signs of maturity in her son, shed tears, and would have held his hand and condoled with him had he permitted it. She said that he must not mind her saying that she had never considered Hero Wantage to have been good enough for him.

Unfortunately for the rest of the speech which she had been about to make, the Viscount replied that he minded it very much; that there was no truth in the statement; and that he must request his mother never to repeat it.

He then took from her all power of saying anything at all by informing her that he proposed to make certain changes in his way of life, which would necessitate her removal—at her convenience, he added, with this new and quelling politeness—from Sheringham Place to the Dower House.

Further he announced his intention of taking up his residence in the house in Grosvenor Square as soon as he should be reunited with his wife, and begged her ladyship to remove from it any such articles of furniture as belonged to her, or for which she had a partiality.

He had formed the immediate intention of redecorating the house, and he was going to put this in hand without loss of time.

When the Dowager had recovered her breath she attempted, though feebly, to expostulate. The Viscount cut her short.

"My mind is made up, ma'am," he stated. "It is time I was thinking of settling down. I should have done all this at the outset. It may be too late: I don't know that. But if—when—my wife returns to me we will contrive better, I hope."

"I am sure I am the last person alive to wish to keep you out of your own house," quavered Lady Sheringham. "But I do not know why you should suppose your wife will return to you, for ten to one she has run off with another man!"

"No," said his lordship. "That is something else I desire you will not repeat, ma'am. It is untrue."

"You cannot know that, Anthony, my poor boy! She never cared for you! It was all vanity, and the wish of becoming a person of consequence!"

He shook his head. "She never thought of that. I didn't know it—never stopped to think, or—or consider it, but she did care for me. Much more than I cared for her—then. But if I could only find her—I've racked my brains, and I can't think where she can have gone, or to whom!"

"Very likely she went to that vulgar cousin of hers," said his mother waspishly.

He wheeled round, rather pale. "Mrs. Hoby!" he ejaculated. "How did I come to forget her? What a fool I have been! I am obliged to you, ma'am!"

SHERRY set off for town again that very day, and repaired to the Hobys' house. A rather slatternly servant opened the door to him, when he had knocked on it for the third time, and informed him that her master and mistress were away from London.

A few a inquiries elicited the further information that the Hobys had left for a visit to Ireland the day following Hero's departure from Half Moon Street.

With a darkening brow, the Viscount asked if this had been a long-standing engagement. The servant thought not; they had packed up and gone in a hurry; she thought a letter had arrived which made them take this course. But when he asked if they had gone alone, or had taken a friend with them, she shook her head and replied that she couldn't say.

The Viscount went home to think this over. The more he thought, the more convinced he became that Hero had indeed flown to her cousin, and was now being concealed by her.

He had never liked Theresa Hoby; her husband he barely knew, but had little hesitation in condemning as bad ton; and gradually there grew up in his breast a feeling of indignation that Hero should have fled to the very people above all others whom he most disliked.

He remembered that he had forbidden her to hold any close intercourse with Mrs. Hoby; remembered also that she had largely ignored this prohibition; and conveniently forgot that it had been uttered in the heat of the moment, and never seriously repeated. He began to be angry, and from picturing Hero in all manner of appalling plights passed to imagining her amusing herself amongst a set of people of whom her husband disapproved.

A cynical remark let fall by his Uncle Prosper, that no doubt the minx was bent on giving him the fright of his life, took root in Sherry's mind, and drove him to throw himself, without the slightest enjoyment, into much the same kind of excesses which were being indulged in by Lord Wrotham.

There was a good deal of bravado about this, a suggestion of gritted teeth, and more than a suggestion of obstinacy; but it made Mr. Ringwood pull down the corners of his mouth and shake a despondent head.

Six weeks after Hero's disappearance the Hobys came back to London. Sherry heard of their arrival and grimly awaited the return of his wife. She did not come; but her cousin did—to call upon her.

The Viscount received her, and ten minutes in her company were enough to convince him that she knew nothing of Hero's whereabouts, had not the smallest notion of her being away from home, and had journeyed into Ireland for the purpose of attending her mother-in-law's sick-bed.

The Viscount's brain reeled under the shock. Remorse, anxiety, and despair played havoc with him; and he immediately sent for Stoke, and instructed him to set every possible means in motion to discover Lady Sheringham's whereabouts.

The Viscount was still waiting for his man of business to justify his existence when the Dowager arrived in London, and summoned him to visit her at Grillon's Hotel, where she was putting up.

He found her with Miss Milborne in her train, and learned from her that the unusually damp winter had so aggravated her numerous rheumatic disorders that nothing short of a visit to Bath was likely to be of benefit to her.

Miss Milborne, too, she said, had been sickly for some weeks. So she had had the idea of inviting the sweet girl to accompany her to Bath, to try what the waters would do for her, and she desired the Viscount to perform the filial duty of escorting them on their perilous journey.

The Viscount refused with unfilial promptness. He said that nothing would prevail upon him to leave London; and that if his Mama thought herself in danger of being held up by highwaymen, she would find a couple of outriders of more practical use than himself.

The Dowager smiled wanly, rose up from her chair, saying that perhaps Someone Else would have the power to make him change his mind, and drifted out of the room, leaving him alone with Miss Milborne.

The Viscount stared at the shut door, and then at the Beauty, incredulity struggling with wrath in his countenance. "What the deuce——?" he demanded explosively.

Miss Milborne got up and took his hand, saying with a good deal of feeling: "My poor Sherry, you look so wretchedly! Have you had no word from Hero?"

He shook his head. "Not one. I've set my man of business on to it. Told him to call in the runners if need be, though I don't want—— But what else can I do? And then my mother comes here teasing me to take her to Bath, of all places! And let me tell you, Bella, that while I have no wish to offend you, if her ladyship meant that you can persuade me into going, she was never more mistaken!"

She smiled. "Indeed, I know it! You never cared a button for me, Sherry. I believe it must always have been Hero, though perhaps you did not know it until you lost her."

He stood looking down at her. "You said something of the sort the day I offered for you, and I told you Severn would never come up to scratch. We're an unlucky pair, ain't we?"

She withdrew her hand, flushing. "Sherry, you have known me since we were children, and if you are to believe that I am wearing the willow for Severn, I cannot bear it. Oh, I don't deny I was flattered by his attentions. But when I thought how it would be to be married to him—oh, I could not!"

"What, you don't mean that he really did come up to scratch, and you refused him?" he exclaimed.

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HAZEL

"Now then—how far are you running away from home?"

BUTCH

"Look, they're beginning to stir. Now go finish your celery downstairs."

It seems to me...

By

Dorothy Drain

A RECENT issue of an English magazine shows pictures of an "at home" arranged to recruit women for the Territorial Army.

Prize for joining up was a kiss from film star Derek Bond, ex-Guards captain, M.C. winner, and P.O.W.

Mr. Bond, a personable young man with nice wavy hair, took part in an "Excuse me" dance at the party. Every time a girl cut in to dance with him, he asked her "Why not join?"

Pretty awful, isn't it?.

Once the pressure was used the other way.

Remember those posters at the beginning of the last war — a picture of a girl holding out a Digger's hat and saying, "Mister, here's your hat." Personally, I thought them shocking.

They were used at a time when women's services (except for the Nursing Service) had not been formed in Australia, and they gave color to the theory sometimes expressed—that women, because of their admiration of the soldier, helped to promote wars.

Women have always denied that accusation, and, indeed, since women themselves have taken a bigger part in war, since it has been directed against civilians as well as soldiers, there must necessarily be less ground for the accusation than there used to be.

Judging from the methods described to get women recruits, things have been evened up entirely.

* * *

SPEAKING on the Navy Estimates in the British House of Commons, the Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, Mr. Dugdale, said that the Atlantic Ocean had become a sort of Mediterranean, with Britain taking the place of Malta.

A while back General MacArthur said that the Pacific had become "an Anglo-American lake."

Next thing you know, we'll be making molehills out of mountains.

* * *

THAT paragraph about the Sydney advertising for "Oliver Twist" (12/3/49) brought a letter from Mr. Cliff Holt, advertising director of Hoyt's Theatres.

I had criticised the use of the line "You may hate Fagin . . ." in advertisements for the picture, on the grounds that it made capital of the objection taken by Jews in some countries to the portrayal of Fagin.

Mr. Holt asks: "Is it not perfectly legitimate theatrical enterprise for a theatre company to capitalise on the box-office value of its most popular attraction?

"The Australian seasons of 'Oliver Twist' have proved conclusively that public interest in Alec Guinness' Fagin is enormous, and hence the prominence given him in the advertisements.

"The fact that Fagin is a Jew is incidental . . .

"One wonders how much the opposition to Fagin in Europe is political and how much is anti-Semitic. If the Semites of Berlin and elsewhere seriously believe that all Jews may be regarded as Fagins, then it surely follows that all Englishmen may be considered as repulsive as Bill Sikes—or, for that matter, as pompous as Bumble or as kindly as Mr. Brownlow. The objection to Fagin doesn't make sense."

I agree with Mr. Holt that the objection to the portrayal of Fagin is unreasonable. My quarrel was with the advertisement.

But in any case Mr. Holt's letter is so temperately worded that I feel the best answer is H. L. Mencken's famous stock letter to all letters which disagreed with him . . . "Dear Sir,—You may be right."

A BITTER argument between two Washington public servants over an office complete with bathroom has been settled.

The chairman of the National Labor Relations Board, having claims of seniority, got the office with the bath. Chief Counsel for the same body, who had also coveted the suite, was consoled when a new bathtub (same size) was specially installed for him.

Note the fact that the job of these men is labor relations.

Their disagreement might give them more insight into petty grievances that upset industry than a lifetime of study.

To be sure, private baths aren't commonly demanded as amenities by office workers. Still, they'd be nice.

I often wish for a combination day-bed and desk in the office. One could think lying down just as well as sitting.

"I was just dreaming up a few pars," I could explain to executives who woke me up.

Come to think of it, with beds AND baths we office-workers could have the housing problem by the throat.

* * *

MEN in Norfolk, England, are applying to the County Council for work as "home helps." Housework has become quite popular with men. Since the war several house-cleaning enterprises have sprung up in cities.

Many of these men cleaners charge fairly solidly, but bring their own gear—implements and materials.

Most confine their activities to floors, bath, and kitchen. I knew one who said firmly he didn't dust, because he regarded that as "women's work."

Some are very efficient. Their main difference from women on the same work is the air of command with which they take over a house.

I think they've achieved this by the cunning device of bringing their polishers and cleaners, and by sometimes working in pairs.

No need to ask "Where is the vacuum-cleaner?" or "Have you any better polishing rags?"

Instead, one announces "You start on the bathroom, Bill, and I'll get on with the kitchen," with a firmness which discourages any inefficient interference from the housewife.

* * *

AT a party at Mindanao, Philippine Islands, a guest criticised the cooking, whereupon the host stabbed him to death.

Though murder may seem a trifle extreme,
All you who have cooked must know
That the heart of a cook is a fragile thing,
Which may break at a careless blow.

For truth may be rated over-high,
Give me tact, any day of the week;
Oh, happier far the kindly lie,
For candor is often bleak.

And be it a book or a butterscotch tart,
A painting, or prunes and rice,
Remember, the maker thinks it's art,
It's better to say "How nice."

So the moral of this we've saved for the end,
Mind your manners and keep out of strife,
For praise of the pudding may win you a friend,
Furthermore, it may save your life.

New way to beat today's High Food costs

ARE YOU FOND OF FISH? Most people are . . . but how often can you afford to serve fresh fish to your family nowadays? Fresh fish has become a luxury. But, here's a way to serve *all* your family inexpensive, tasty selected fish straight from the deep, cold sea . . .

FISH SUPREME CROQUETTES—*1 tin Fish Supreme; 1 cup mashed potato; 1 cup soft breadcrumbs; ¼ teaspoon salt; 1 small onion, grated; 2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper or parsley; 1 tablespoon Kraft Mayonnaise.*

Mix all ingredients together and season with salt and pepper. Shape into croquettes. Roll in flour, egg and dry breadcrumbs. Fry in deep boiling fat until golden brown. Serve with parsley and lemon. Serves four. Will make 8-9 croquettes.

Use only Kraft Fish Supreme when making these croquettes. Kraft Fish Supreme has the true, tangy flavour of your favourite deep-water fish.

You'll find Kraft Fish Supreme the tasty and budget-saving answer for new ideas in savouries, salads, sandwiches, hasty, tasty lunches and delicious supper snacks as well as main-course dishes such as "Fish Supreme Croquettes."

SELECTED FISH—STRAIGHT FROM THE DEEP, COLD SEA

The flavour and texture of any fish product depends on the kind, quality and freshness of the fish used. Kraft select fish which are netted in the deepest, coldest parts of the ocean . . . tasty, fresh, firm-fleshed fish. One mouthful shows you the difference and proves the quality of Kraft Fish Supreme. No trouble when you serve Kraft Fish Supreme . . . you simply open the tin. Now enjoy good fish *whenever you want it*—and save money at the same time. Price 1/3d. for 8oz. tin. Slightly dearer in country

KRAFT FISH SUPREME

—with OCEANS of flavour.

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GIVE IT TO THEM HOT AND STRONG

'OVALTINE' Builds up Resistance to Winter's Chills

Countless mothers have solved the problem of keeping children healthy through the cold winter months, by giving them 'Ovaltine' . . . Regular cups of delicious 'Ovaltine' make good the missing food elements in a child's diet. For example, 'Ovaltine' provides all the important vitamins and mineral salts, such as calcium, phosphorus and iron. Actually, 'Ovaltine' is a complete food beverage, supplying all the essential food elements for building body, brain and nerves in the growing child.

Moreover, 'Ovaltine' has special qualities which, when added to milk, make the milk completely digestible and much more nourishing. Every child should drink 'Ovaltine'—every day . . .

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES

16 OZ. TIN

4/6

8 OZ. TIN

2/6

Delicious

'OVALTINE'

THE FOOD YOU DRINK FOR HEALTH AND STRENGTH

PRODUCT OF A. WANDER LTD., DEVONPORT, TASMANIA

WARWICK 037-8

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Heaven Help Me

Continued from page 4

CYNTHIA gave a sigh and kicked off her shoes. "You haven't exactly encouraged him. Besides, you've been wrapped up in Richard for the past six months. You'll have to meet Tom Willis half-way, that is, if you like him—but I thought Richard was what you wanted?"

"Not any more, I'm afraid," said Linda. "I've discovered Tom Willis understands why I don't like rhubarb. And he doesn't like stew, for the same reason. How would you suggest I meet Tom Willis half-way?"

"Why don't you help him to shell his peas?" was Cynthia's unconsidered reply.

Linda took it seriously. "Perhaps he's shelled them. In any case, I couldn't ask him. I'd blush."

Cynthia began to look bored. "It doesn't really matter whether he's shelled them or not. You will at least have made a move in the right direction. And if you can't ask him—why not write a note and shove it under his door?"

"I'll do that," said Linda. "Oh, Cynthia—you're wonderful!" She found a piece of paper and pencilled on it the message: "Would you like me to help you shell your peas? Any evening after seven." Then she tiptoed into the corridor and pushed the note under Tom Willis' door.

"I've just remembered," she said, on her return, "to-morrow night is the opening of the drama festival and your play. I won't be able to help him to-morrow."

"Ah!" said Cynthia. "But you will. I'm asking you to stay away from the festival to-morrow. You'll be all het up and I'll receive an anxiety wave from you."

In the morning there was a note from Tom Willis. "Thank you," it read, "delighted. To-night at seven-thirty. Bring your own colander."

So at the stated time Linda, colander in hand, knocked on Tom Willis' door.

"Nice of you," he said. "These are the peas."

Linda goggled at the large sack standing upright in the middle of the room. "B—but I thought there'd only be a couple of pounds."

He smiled. "That isn't Aunt Prue's way," he said. "Of course, if it's too much for you, you can back out."

She shook her head. "We won't get through that lot to-night, though."

It was Sunday night before the last pea pod was split and the last six peas tumbled into Linda's colander. During these seven nights, much water had passed under the bridge, and many peas under the sideboard. Several surprised but gratified bed-sitting-room dwellers had received gifts of peas; Cynthia had won the drama festival prize.

Richard had phoned the office every day and received evasive answers to his "When am I going to see you again?" and Tom Willis had told Linda he'd been interested for a long time.

On the night of the sleep-walking, however, he had realised the Richard-Linda affair was merely tentative and at that moment he'd made up his mind to insinuate himself into her affections.

"And you have," Linda said, happily regarding her green-stained fingers. "But I do hope your Aunt Prue won't send any more peas."

Tom laughed.

"Oh, those weren't Aunt Prue's peas," he said easily. "Hers were shelled and eaten the day they arrived. When I got your note I thought it was the best opportunity I'd ever have for 'insinuating,' so I bought a sackful."

"You . . . what?"

"It was one way of keeping you out of that pip-squeak's clutches for at least a week. And you must admit there can be few better ways of a girl and a man getting to know each other than over a sack of peas."

"But why go to all that trouble?" asked Linda.

"I like going to all that trouble," he said. "It makes life and love more interesting, don't you think?"

"Interesting?" she echoed. "I'm beginning to think marriage with you will be a hazardous affair—heaven help me."

"I shouldn't worry," he grinned confidently. "You'll manage."

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First selection of readers' color pictures

In a recent issue, we invited readers to submit color transparencies with a view to their publication in this paper.

WE have selected three glorious Australian landscapes. They will appear in The Australian Women's Weekly issue of April 23. One is a cover, and the others will each be half-page size.

Another selection will be announced next week.

First pictures chosen for publication are the work of Mr. John L. Wray, of Beecroft, New South Wales, who is an Associate of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain and has held office at various times in the Photographic Society of New South Wales.

Although Mr. Wray has a lifetime of photographic experience behind him he is a comparative newcomer to the color field. He began taking color pictures only three years ago.

Every picture he submitted to us was rated first-class quality technically by our rotogravure experts.

Photography may be Mr. Wray's great delight, but to his wife it means that once a year she has to forgo all claim to her laundry while her husband turns it into a dark room and has a three weeks' developing and printing spree.

He saves all his black-and-white film for the year until this period, and then he finishes about eight or nine pictures a night. A friend processes his color film.

He plans his photography carefully, arranging months ahead for at least two tours a year through the country by car. He decides what type of picture he wants, then goes where he can get it.

One trip in search of autumn colors took him through the Southern Highlands, and, another time, hearing there had been heavy rains up north, he went through the Armidale district and Northern Tablelands in search of vivid greens.

He has six cameras—a 5 x 4 Graflex, a half-plate Thornton Pickard with tripod for field work, a Gurtz triple extension, a Leica, a Rolleiflex, and a Zeiss Ikon.

Each one is equipped with a large variety of focal-length lenses for different purposes.

This expensive gear is a great contrast to the first camera Mr. Wray used.

He was only eight years old when a neighbor at Beecroft came home with a camera called "The Little Marvel." He had bought it at a second-hand shop in Harris Street, Sydney, for sixpence, complete with printing frame, developing plates, papers, hypo, and developer.

Eight-year-old John and his friend worked "The Little Marvel" overtime, until the paper ran out. Then the friend came home with a slightly bigger camera, which cost ninepence.

"Pictures taken on those little cameras have not deteriorated," said Mr. Wray, "although that is more than 40 years ago."

John Wray never lost his enthusiasm. Through all his school years photography was his great hobby. Then a friend of his father's, Mr. E. A. Bradford, world-famous photographer, took John in hand and showed him the whole photographic technique.

He joined the Photographic Society of New South Wales, held various offices, and won the Society's bronze and silver medals.

Mr. Wray took advantage of lectures given by the best artists to members of the Photographic Society of New South Wales on composition and balance of color.

Mr. Wray has become an unofficial overseas publicity officer for Australia, as he has exhibited photographs in many countries, including England, America, South Africa, India, Hongkong, and Spain.

"Although I have done mostly landscape I have crazes for other subjects," said Mr. Wray. "For instance, I went mad about animal pictures. About ten years ago I got a special permit to go into the animal cages at Taronga Park Zoo. I had a few narrow squeaks, too, with the black panthers, but I got my pictures.

"Then historic homes aroused my interest and I did a very complete series of them. When the Historical Society of New South Wales held a photographic competition I won some awards and got a great kick out of it."

Mr. Wray has a full-time job as a commercial traveller, and any of his free time that he can spare from photography he spends gardening

Send in your color transparencies

READERS may continue to submit color transparencies until further notice.

Those accepted for publication will be paid for at the rate of £10 each.

Transparencies reproduced on the cover of The Australian Women's Weekly will be paid for at £25 each.

Points to note:

Most acceptable are pictures of human interest.
Overseas scenic studies are not wanted.

Scenic studies of Australia to be considered should be of exceptional artistic quality, with good grouping and broad masses of color.

Please enclose postage for return of transparencies.

MR. JOHN L. WRAY, of Beecroft, New South Wales, has made photography his lifelong hobby. His color pictures are the first selected for publication from transparencies sent in by readers.

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Friday's Child

Continued from page 22

MISS MILBORNE nodded. "I could not prevent the Duke proposing to me. But do not speak of this, Sherry, if you please! It would be so unbecoming of me to boast of having made such a conquest."

"Well!" said Sherry, quite thunderstruck.

She tried to smile.

"How odious you are! You may imagine how deeply I am in disgrace with Mama. The only person, except poor Papa, who has been kind is your mother, and that is in part why I am going with her to Bath. To be open with you, Sherry, I believe she has taken a foolish notion into her head that you may divorce poor little Hero, and marry me."

"Well, I shan't," said his lordship, with an entire absence of gallantry.

"Don't flatter yourself I would accept you!" retorted Miss Milborne. "I care no more for you than I cared for Severn! Well, yes, perhaps a little more, but not very much!"

"I wish I knew who it is you do care for!" said Sherry.

She turned her face away. "I had thought you did know. If you do not, I am glad."

"George?" Then, as she made no answer, he said: "Of all the stupid coils! George took such a pet over you that there's no doing a thing with him these days. Riding as hard as he can to the devil. You'd best stay in London, Bella!"

"No," she replied. "I should not dream of doing so. George may think of me what he wills. I shall go to Bath with Lady Sheringham."

"Don't you! It's a rubbishing place; can't stand it myself!" He stopped abruptly, his brows snapping together, his eyes holding an arrested expression.

"Bath! When was I talking of the place last? Said I should be obliged to go there if——" He broke off, a light dawning in his eyes.

"Why did I not think of it before!" he went on excitedly. "Bath—school—governess! That's what she's done! My Kitten! Some seminary, you may lay your life, and very likely turned into a drudge for a parcel of—— Tell my mother I'll escort her to Bath with the greatest pleasure on earth, but she must be ready to start to-morrow!"

"Sherry!" she gasped. "You think Hero may be there?"

"Think! I'm sure of it! If I weren't a rattlepated gudgeon I should have thought of it weeks ago! Tell you what, Bella, if we mean to keep my mother in a good humor, we'd best say nothing about this. Let her suppose you persuaded me; for she can be deuced unpleasant if things don't go the way she wants, and if you're to be cooped up in a coach with her for two days, you'll get tired of the vapors!"

And with this piece of sound, if undutiful, advice, his lordship caught up his coat and hat and strode off to make his arrangements for an instant departure from town.

. . .

While these events were in progress, Hero was residing in Upper Camden Place, Bath, the guest of Lady Saltash. At first a little frightened of an old lady who was generally held to be both formidable and sharp-tongued, she had soon settled down, and quite lost her shyness.

She had been given, as a special duty, charge of Lady Saltash's aged pug dog. In addition to brushing this stertorous animal, and taking it for walks on the end of a leash, she played cribbage with her hostess, read to her from the newspapers, and accompanied her to the Grand Pump Room, or to the Assembly Rooms.

She had removed her wedding-ring and reverted to the use of her maiden name, two proceedings which drew an approving nod from Lady Saltash.

It was at first difficult to remember that she was again Miss Wantage, and when Lady Saltash took her to one of the Dress Balls at the New Assembly Rooms she drew shocked eyes upon herself by moving unconsciously towards the benches set aside for the use of peeresses.

But this little slip was easily glossed over, and as soon as the Master of Ceremonies had been presented to her, and had signified his approval of Lady Saltash's young protegee, her social comfort was assured.

In the nature of things, she cared little for this, and would have been glad to have lived the life of a recluse had Lady Saltash permitted it. But Lady Saltash had no opinion of recluses, and she gave Hero some very good advice about never being led into the error of wearing one's heart upon one's sleeve.

"Depend upon it, my love, nothing is more tiresome than the person who is forever bemoaning her fate. To be shutting yourself up because you fancy your heart is broken will not do at all!"

Hero promised to do her best to be cheerful, but said that it was sometimes hard to smile when she was so very miserable.

"Fiddle-de-dee!" replied Lady Saltash. "From what you have told me, you have not the least need to put yourself into a taking. I have known Anthony these twenty years, and you have gone the right way to work with him. I dare say he may be tearing out his hair by this time!"

"But I never meant him to be made unhappy or anxious!" Hero exclaimed, looking quite oppressed.

"Very likely you did not. You are a silly little puss, my love. My grandson has more sense, it appears, for he certainly means Anthony to be excessively anxious."

"Oh, he must not! That would be worse than all the rest!" Hero cried distressfully.

"Nonsense! It is high time that boy was made to think, which I'll be bound he has never done in his life. I tell you I have been agreeably surprised by what you have told me. It appears than Anthony has behaved towards you with more consideration than I should have expected in one reared to consider nothing but his own convenience.

"I can't decide whether to have a drink or look chic!"

I dare swear he has been in love with you all this while without having the least notion of it."

Hero regarded her hopefully. "Do you think so indeed, dear ma'am? But perhaps you do not perfectly understand that he only married me because Isabella Milborne refused to accept his hand?"

"Do not talk to me about this Miss Milborne! She sounds to me just the insipid sort of girl who passes for a beauty in these days! Now, when I was young—— However, that's neither here nor there! I shall be surprised if we find that Anthony cares a fig for her. Soon or late—mark my words!—we shall have him posting down here to find you, and I will tell you now, my child, that if you mean to let him discover you half-way to a decline, I shall wash my hands of you!"

Hero looked doubtful, but the idea of Sherry's coming to look for her was so precious to her that she raised no further demur at the programme outlined for her by her worldly-wise hostess.

Mr. Ringwood, though not generally held to be a good correspondent, wrote with painstaking regularity, reporting on Sherry's progress.

Hero shed tears in secret over these letters, and had she not made up her mind to allow Sherry time to forget her, if he should wish to do so, she would have written to set his mind at rest at least a dozen times.

When she heard that he had plunged into an orgy of gaiety, she really did feel as though her heart must break, and believed that he had ceased to grieve over her disappearance. When she could command her voice, she sought out Lady Saltash, and tried, for the third or fourth time, to broach the question of her applying for a post in a Young Ladies' Seminary.

Her ladyship cut her short. "Don't put on those missish airs with me, Hero! What has happened to make you start on that nonsense again, pray?"

"Only that I have had a letter from Gil, ma'am, which—which—"

Her ladyship held out an imperative hand, a little twisted by gout. After a moment's hesitation, Hero gave up the letter. Lady Saltash read it with an unmoved countenance.

"Going to the devil, is he?" she commented. "Very likely. Just as I expected! Pray, what is there in this billet, beyond the lamentable spelling, to make you pull that long face?"

"Don't you think Sherry is forgetting all about me, ma'am?" Hero asked wistfully.

"What, because he is behaving like a sulky boy? No such thing! He is determined no one, least of all yourself, my love, shall guess how much he cares. Really, I begin to have hopes of that tiresome boy! Put the letter up, my dear, and think no more of it!" She returned the letter with a shrug.

"I apprehend we might find the piece they are playing at the Theatre Royal tolerably amusing," she said then. "Have the goodness to sit down at my desk, and write two little notes, inviting Sir Carlton Frome and Mr. Jasper Tarleton to accompany me there to-morrow evening. We will send one of the servants round to procure a box for us."

Hero obeyed her. She paused in the middle of her task to look up, and say: "After all, if Sherry may amuse himself, I do not know why I should not too!"

"Excellent!" said her ladyship, laughing. "Do you mean to break Mr. Tarleton's heart? I wish you may do it!"

Hero gave a chuckle. "Why, he is quite old, ma'am!"

"Quite old! If he is a day more than thirty-five I will never wear my new wig again!"

"Well, too old to break his heart," amended Hero. "I like him extremely, for he is always so very kind and civil, and he makes me laugh."

Lady Saltash, who was deriving considerable entertainment from watching her old friend, Jasper Tarleton, succumb to her protegee's innocent charm, cast her a thoughtful look, but refrained from saying anything more.

She had a certain fondness for Mr. Tarleton, but having vainly attempted a great many times to interest him in some eligible damsel, she acknowledged that it would afford her a certain satisfaction to know that he had lost his heart to one who was as unattainable as she was uninterested.

Mr. Jasper Tarleton was a bachelor, the owner of a comfortable little property situated a few miles outside Bath. Numerous females had set their caps at him, for besides being possessed of a handsome competence, he was good-looking, his air distinguished, and his manners very pleasing. But while he was happy to oblige any lady by flirting with her in an elegant and quite unexceptionable fashion, he never left the favored fair in any doubt of his total lack of serious intention.

He first met Hero at a whist-party at Lady Saltash's house, and something in her which made her different from the carefully drilled young ladies of his acquaintance instantly caught his attention.

When he tried tactfully to discover what her antecedents were, she flushed and returned such evasive answers that good-breeding forbade him to press his inquiries.

But from that day onward it was noticeable that Mr. Tarleton was spending more of his time in Bath than ever before.

When he actually appeared at the Lower Assembly Rooms, and stood up with Hero for the minuet as well as for one of the country dances, his numerous friends and acquaintances could scarcely believe their eyes, and told one another that poor dear Jasper was in a fair way to being caught at last.

Please turn to page 30

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MAGICIAN George G. Hopkins (left) tries to trick the Ku-Klux Klan in the Magic Circle itself

CLERGYMEN practise magic, too. Above are the Rev. W. R. Wilcombe, of Melton Mowbray, and Rev. Basil Bennett, of St. Alban's Parsonage, Cheam, putting over an act under the pseudonym Cardropa.

DUKE OF SOMERSET, Magic Circle president, is an adept at card tricks. He also tore up a five-pound note for our reporter and returned it to her intact

INSIDE LONDON'S MAGIC CIRCLE

Thousand members, all men, have no secrets from each other

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

When the Duke of Somerset admitted me to the Magic Circle, sanctum of British magicians, I gave him the assurance that I would not reveal any secrets, even if I was sawn in halves. He told me I was the first woman journalist ever admitted to the club.

I found myself then in the inner circle of card manipulators, illusionists, rabbit-out-of-the-hatters, sawing through a woman maestros, and an assortment of men, all with something up their sleeves.

AMONG them were noted personalities, including Lord Auckland, famed in the world of medicine; Duncan Sandys, Mr. Churchill's son-in-law; and Judge Wethered. As well, there were stockbrokers, clerks, policemen, and company directors.

The Duke of Somerset, who is president of the Circle, told me that magic had its fashions, just the same as anything else. Magicians must keep themselves up to date, too, because invention and science are always catching up with magic.

The club has more than 1000 members, and when they visit their clubrooms, close to famous Caxton Hall, Westminster, they learn a trick or two from each other, talk magic, act magic, and take steps to preserve the integrity and standing of magicians of the Western World.

Though pledged to keep magic secrets from outsiders, they have no secrets from each other.

The roll is a fascinating document. Ama Zing, the Chinese mystery man, is really a genial clergyman, Canon Greenhalgh.

The Great Fu Ching is Jack Callow, of Muswell Hill, London, but His Highness Mataraj Kumar Sahib, of Jodhpur, is not an assumed name.

The secretary, a member of a well-known firm of accountants in London, Mr. Francis White, helped me off with my coat and warned me, "Things have a habit of disappearing here."

I realised what he meant as wallets, handkerchiefs, cigarette-lighters, and watches vanished.

"New tricks?" I asked him as one magician after another took the stage to confound his fellow magic-makers.

"No," said Mr. White. "It is a major event if a new trick is discovered." He calls "tricks" experiments, says they all go back to the same principles.

To keep the members of the Magic Circle informed on what others have discovered by their "experiments," the club has a library of 3000 books on magic. They range from modern publications on sleight-of-hand tricks to early eighteenth-century volumes, such as "Hocus-Pocus" and "The Whole Art of Legerdemain."

Beneath lights shaded with magic symbols members may study how to make a woman float in air, or may read details of popular drawing-room tricks two hundred years old.

In a corner of the clubroom is the Circle's Museum of Magic, containing a priceless collection of posters (some 150 years old) advertising the skill of exponents of "The Black Art."

KEEN EYES WATCHED as Horace King, member of the Magic Circle, and his "stooge," Betty, did card tricks at magicians' annual banquet

In a glass cupboard are wands and items of magical apparatus which belonged to famous members.

There is the plate which Chung Ling Soo used for his bullet-catching trick. It is a link with the Circle's greatest tragedy, still an unsolved mystery.

Chung Ling Soo, who performed in Chinese dress and make-up, but whose real name was William Robinson, was one of the best-known magicians at the turn of the century.

Trick failed

HIS most astonishing feat was the bullet-catching trick, for which he asked a member of the audience to mark a bullet, which was loaded into a rifle. The helper from the audience then fired the rifle at Chung Ling Soo, who stood on the stage and "caught the bullet" on a plate.

On Friday, March 23, 1918, Chung Ling Soo was the outstanding attraction at the Wood Green Empire in London.

During the second house the helper raised the rifle at the smiling magician, who stood on the stage, holding the plate before him. He fired—and Chung Ling Soo collapsed, blood oozing from a bullet wound in his chest.

Women screamed, the curtain was lowered, and stage workers rushed to the magician's assistance. But Chung Ling Soo was dead.

From all over the world distinguished magicians come to the Magic Circle in London. Greatest manipulators of all, says the secretary, are the Dutch, and the greatest showmen the Americans.

A Dutchman, Niberco, won the Grand Prix for Magic in 1948. In 1947 the honors went to a British magician, Willane (William H. Lane).

He started magic as a hobby to lighten the dark days of the black-out, and trained his perfect hands to perform the basic movements for a score of tricks.

Business took ten hours a day, practice five, six, or seven, including tricks at the table, on the way to board meetings, palming coins, and so working up to eye-deceiving speed and perfection.

He is a magician with more than a pack of cards up his sleeve—and one of the extras is patience.

The Duke of Somerset liked magic, found he had a little skill, and next thing he was being fully initiated into the art in lessons from Ernest Noakes, a professional conjurer, and one of the Circle's foundation members.

The Magic Circle was founded in 1905 by one of the greatest of magicians, the late John Nevil Maskelyne. Conjuring became a craze and membership quickly built up.

When I asked why there were no women in the Magic Circle, I was told, "Women can't keep secrets."

I would have liked to have something to say to that, but one of the magicians, "Peter Warlock," said, "I'll tell you what you're thinking."

First he asked me to write down the name of an artist, now dead—one whose works live on.

I wrote Tommy Handley.

"That's tricked him," I thought. "He'll be expecting me to write Gauguin or Hogarth, or someone from history."

Soon he was groping for my mind. "It's something to do with entertainment—it's someone who died recently—it's some new medium—it's . . ." he wrote it down, and he was right.

One member has commercialised his magic. He has a job spotting card-sharpers on the trains. He knows every card trick there is, and keeps the game clean for travellers.

Another member, Percy Press, was doing street performances before he took to magic seriously. Now he's magician to the Princess Royal, visits her home for parties and for entertainments round about Christmas.

The first after-dinner show for which Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were allowed up was put on by the Magic Circle. It took place at Windsor Castle in 1937, two weeks before the Coronation.

The club's policy of a free exchange of secrets led to an embarrassing and not so warmly remembered performance before a High Court Judge. During a club evening a member was performing a trick when another claimed loudly that the trick had been stolen from him.

In the heated scene that followed, unmagical expressions like "thief" and "rotter" were used. The sequel was an action for slander, during which much magic inside information regrettably became public.

Exposing fakes

THERE is one aspect of the Magic Circle about which little is heard. Its members, or a selected committee of them, work unceasingly to expose fake spiritualists trading on people's bereavements and credibility.

The Circle's Occult Committee, which includes highly skilled illusionists, sleight-of-hand experts, and a photographer, seek to find a rational and often fraudulent explanation for any manifestation of the supernatural.

They visit seances as genuine seekers, and are merciless in exposing fraud.

But, though the Magic Circle members were ready with details of how others did the trick, they were not so helpful with details of their own magic performances.

How the woman was suspended on a sword point with hoops passing over her to prove Newton's gravity laws just nonsense, how the woman was sawn in halves, how Dante makes a garden grow without any soil, and how the Duke tore up the fiver and put it together again right under my eyes I shall never know.

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HONOLULU SURF STARS PLAN VISIT HERE

HUGE WAVE, 25 feet high, off Mokapu Beach, Honolulu. This picture shows the big surf visiting team is used to.

INVENTOR of hollow surfboard, Tom Blake, left, with Preston Peterson, who is a champion Californian surfer. Preston will be team member.

HONOLULU identity Sam Steamboat, who competed in 1939 against Australian team at the big Pacific Surf Games.

FAMOUS Outrigger Canoe Club, on Waikiki Beach, has dining room, cocktail lounge, volley-ball courts, outdoor beer garden. It is decorated inside with bamboo and murals.

CHAMPION of Aloha Week Festival, Honolulu, "Blue Boy" Nakua, famous board rider.

★ While he was in Honolulu, Ray Leighton, former secretary of the surfboard section of the New South Wales Surf Life Saving Association, made preliminary arrangements for teams from Honolulu's famous Outrigger Canoe Club and from California to visit Australia, probably next summer. These pictures show some of personalities certain to be included if teams come.

TRIO of enthusiasts, from left, "Dad" Center, foundation member of Outrigger Canoe Club, Waikiki, Ray Leighton, and Duke Kahanamoku, who introduced surfboards to Australia.

SURFBOARD RACKS provided by Outrigger Canoe Club for members. There are 370 in all, 20 yards from the water. Boards drain, air circulates. Method is ideal for storing boards in minimum space. Committee of club has voted about £18,000 for further improvements.

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BY DAL

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TRY MYZONE WITH YOUR VERY NEXT "PAIN"

Friday's Child

Continued from page 27

THE idea that Mr. Tarleton was in love with her never crossed Hero's mind. She thought her new acquaintance past the age of falling in love, and treated him very much as she had been in the habit of treating Sherry's bachelor friends.

Mr. Tarleton found this delightful, and when Hero caught herself up guiltily on a cant expression culled from Sherry's vocabulary, or committed some other small solecism of a like nature, he imagined that she had picked up tricks of speech from her brother, and begged her not to correct herself.

"For you must permit me to tell you, Miss Wantage," he said, his gravity belied by the twinkle in his eye, "that you are the most refreshing young female who has yet come in my path! Tell me more about the Brixham Pet!"

She said seriously: "I am sure I ought not, for now I come to think of it, the—the person who told me about him said it was not at all the sort of thing I should talk about. He is a Black, you know, and a great many people fancy that he will perhaps become Champion. Have you been to a prize-fight, Mr. Tarleton?"

"Do you know, I fear I have not! Have you, Miss Wantage?"

She laughed. "Now you are smoking me!—— Oh, I don't mean that! Making jest of me! Of course I have not! Females do not!"

"But you are so unlike any other female I have met that that is no guide!"

"No, indeed I am not! At least, if I am, I do not wish to be, I assure you! It is very uncomfortable to behave as other people do not; you can have no notion!"

"I should not care a button for that. If I had any say in the matter, I should insist on your behaving just as you chose."

She shook her head. "No, not when you saw what scrapes I fell into. You would be quite shocked, I dare say. I am myself."

"You wrong me; I have never been shocked in my life."

"Not even by a lady's going to the Peerless Pool?" asked Hero, regarding him as though he had been a rare specimen.

"Certainly not! What is the Peerless Pool?"

"Well, I never went there, for it—it was not liked. But I did go to Bartholomew Fair, and the Royal Saloon, and to tell you the truth, I was excessively amused. But it was very bad ton, you know, and I should not have done it."

He threw back his head and laughed. "I perceive, Miss Wantage, that you are what is commonly [illegible] a handful! Let me be very impertinent, and beseech you earnestly, when you come to marry, to choose a man, like myself, who cannot be shocked."

She colored and looked down at her fan. "Yes, well—well, I shall not come to marry."

"Why, how is this?" he rallied her. "I prophesy that the day is not far distant when you will be surrounded by your bridesmaids, and going to church in a cloud of lace veil and orange-blossom, with all your rejected admirers gnashing their teeth in the background——"

"Oh, no, indeed, you are wrong!" she interrupted. "Good gracious, how extremely I should dislike it, to be sure!"

He raised his brows in mock astonishment. "Dislike a wedding? No, no, you cannot be as different from the rest of your sex as that!"

"I am not different from the rest of my sex! I only meant that I should not at all care for such a wedding as you describe. I went to one once, in London, and oh, dear! it was so shockingly unromantic!"

He smiled. "I collect that you would prefer a runaway match, with a fast team of post-horses, the Scottish border for your goal, and an angry Papa in hot pursuit?"

She replied seriously: "Well, I scarcely remember my Papa, for he died when I was a child, but I think runaway weddings are the best, for to elope suddenly with someone you—you have a decided partiality for, without the least contrivance, or ceremony, is—would be—the most beautiful adventure imaginable!"

His eyes wrinkled a little at the corners. "Plainly, only the most dashing of bridegrooms will do for you!" he said.

The tenderest little smile hovered on her lips. "Yes," she acknowledged.

"A Blood, a Tulip of Fashion, a Nonpareil——"

"Oh, no, he need not be that! I know a nonpareil—quite a nonesuch, I assure you! Drives to an inch!—but I should not care to elope with him. Of course, I think a man should know how to stick to his leaders, do not you?"

"Unquestionably," he said gravely.

"And as for the tulips, I know several, and they would not do for me at all. They have to think so much about their cravats and their coats they have no time for anything besides. The most truly romantic man I know does not give a fig for what he may look like. But he is so extremely handsome that it don't signify a scrap."

"Ah, I begin to fear that this dangerous blade is the man destined to carry you off!"

She laughed. "No, indeed you are quite mistaken! He is madly in love with someone else! And in any event, I think he would make a very uncomfortable husband, for whenever he is out of humor he wants to fight a duel."

"That would certainly be a drawback," he agreed. "It is to be hoped he is not frequently out of humor!"

"Oh, yes! He takes a pet for the least little thing!" said Hero cheerfully. "And the mischief is that he is such a fine shot that no one will oblige him by going out with him. It puts him out of all patience sometimes. Only conceive how tiresome it would be to be married to such a man!"

"You can have no notion how glad I am to discover that you favor a milder-tempered bridegroom, Miss Wantage," said Mr. Tarleton, keeping his face prim. "Er—must your future husband be a very young gentleman?"

She had forgotten herself in talking of Sherry's friends; Mr. Tarleton's last words recalled her to a sense of her surroundings. She started, almost afraid that she might have betrayed herself, and blushed vividly.

"It is all nonsense!" she said hurriedly. "I do not know how we come to be talking of such absurdities. Tell me about the chestnuts you are meaning to buy! I was used to drive a high-stepping grey, in a phaeton. I won a race once—a private race, I mean," she added, a stricken expression entering her eyes for an instant at the memory this conjured up.

"So you are a whip!" Mr. Tarleton exclaimed. "I might have guessed it indeed! But, come, this is famous! The chestnuts you speak of are a match pair—beautiful steppers! If I purchase them, may I hope that you will honor them, and me, by driving them?"

The stricken look vanished. Hero turned impulsively towards him. "Oh, would you teach me to handle a pair? Gil—the particular friend who taught me to drive my phaeton—would not let me drive his curricle, but I have a great desire to! That is, if Lady Saltash will permit me to."

Mr. Tarleton assured her that her ladyship would have no objection to such a harmless pastime, and as indeed it proved.

Lady Saltash chuckled and gave permission; and very soon it became quite an accepted thing for Mr. Tarleton to drive up to the house in Camden Place any fine morning and to take up his eager pupil.

They drove about the country in the immediate vicinity of the town, and Hero had such a real aptitude that it was not long before she was acquitting herself creditably enough for her to wish that Mr. Ringwood could see her progress.

While she held the reins in her hands she could almost forget the trouble that lay in her heart. She was often merry, always entirely natural, never dreamed that anyone so elderly as her companion could be falling in love with her, thought him one of the kindest men she had encountered, and so treated him in a confiding way that completed his downfall.

Mr. Tarleton felt himself to be growing daily younger in her presence, began to think seriously of matrimony, and racked his brains to think how best to make his suit attractive to so youthful, so unconventional, and so romantic a lady.

A still, small voice within him, whispering that he would regret this madness, he resolutely ignored. It occurred to him that he had hitherto led the most humdrum of lives, and that to indulge in a little madness would be a welcome relief.

To be continued

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A Matter of Logic

Continued from page 7

INSPECTOR MANDON frowned. It seemed to him that Tampion was trying to create a mystery where none existed, but he had a certain respect for the newspaper man's intelligence. He said, "What would you have done?"

"That is beside the point," came the typical Tampion answer. "What I'm trying to say is that things are not quite what they seem. For instance, Miss Tinsley's desk is just outside that door, yet she seems to have heard no shot."

"The outer office houses some twenty people," Mandon said, "most of them banging away at typewriters. A pistol shot isn't as loud as the movies have led people to believe."

"True," Tampion admitted, "though it rather depends on the calibre. Judging by the hole in Bullivant's chest, it was a fairly heavy bullet. How heavy a calibre you'll know when you find the gun or the police surgeon recovers the slug. If I were you, Inspector, I'd be mighty curious as to why the secretary heard no shot."

"My dear Tampion," George Mandon smiled indulgently. "Your efforts to direct my suspicions to Miss Tinsley are quite unnecessary. I already suspect her. I suspect everybody who could have entered this office before Bullivant died."

The newsman shrugged. Mandon hadn't even begun to grasp what he'd tried to say. The connecting door opened again and the two detectives who'd been searching the outer office came into the room.

One carried a revolver, held carefully between loose folds of a handkerchief. He put it on Bullivant's table. Tampion saw that it was a large-calibre Army weapon.

"Found it behind a pile of old ledgers," the detective said to Mandon.

"We also found two men who used the washroom this morning," the second detective said. "They're outside."

"Send them in," the inspector scowled. For Ellis Tampion's benefit, perhaps, he added loudly, "Now that we have the gun we'll soon establish who used it. This case is developing nicely."

Tampion lit a cigarette, seemed to swallow it, then waved a thin hand and produced it, still smoking, from under his hat. He gazed at the fascinated detective who'd brought in the revolver and said, for Mandon's benefit perhaps, "Things are not always as they seem."

Outside, he passed the two scared employees who were being shepherded in to see Mandon. He nodded to fellow reporters, who immediately raised a howl of protest that one of their rivals should have been allowed on the murder scene while they were held in the outer office.

Tampion left them arguing with the police, rode the elevator to the street and found a public telephone booth. There he dialled the "Daily Post."

"Any arrest?" he heard news editor Tom Macy say.

"Not yet, but soon," Tampion said. "The good inspector has three suspects, and the case, he says, is developing nicely. I think you may safely say that an early arrest is expected. And now, chief, if you'll send somebody over to keep track of Mandon's progress, I'd like to go hunt for the murderer."

Tom Macy had been associated with his eccentric reporter for too long to be surprised at anything he said or did. Still—

"What d'you mean?" he said. "If Mandon's case is developing so well——"

"Ah, but it isn't," Tampion said. "It's breaking up right under his nose, only he doesn't realise it."

"What exactly do you want to do?" the news editor said cautiously.

"I want to question some people, chief. As soon as you send a relief I can get started."

"But, Ellis, the inspector must know what he's doing. Oh"—eagerly—"have you picked up some exclusive information?"

"I've only picked up what was there for anybody to pick up," the reporter said.

"All right," Macy said tiredly. "I'll send McDonald to cover the case while you play amateur detective. I don't know why I humor you the way I do, Ellis."

"Perhaps the possibility of a scoop influences you," Tampion suggested, and hung up.

Back at the Bullivant offices on the sixth floor of the Bank Building, he questioned the dark-eyed Miss Tinsley at her desk.

"Mr. Bullivant seems to have been a well-liked man," he said. "But he was wealthy, and moneyed men often have enemies. A private secretary is pretty close to her boss, Miss Tinsley. Do you know of anyone who might have had reason to kill him?"

"No. Nobody." The girl was vehement. "Everybody liked the boss. He treated us all so well——"

"I wasn't necessarily referring to the staff, Miss Tinsley. What about people outside the firm?"

"Outside?" She looked surprised, as if the idea hadn't occurred to her. "He had no enemies among business rivals, if that's what you mean. And lots of people had reason to bless his existence, as you probably know, Mr. Tampion."

"You're referring to his philanthropic activities," Tampion said. "They were pretty extensive, weren't they?"

"They were far more extensive than people imagined," the girl said quietly. "I'm not talking now about his donations to hospitals, medical research and so on. I'm talking about the little people he helped. The cheques he gave them wouldn't have made the headlines, but they meant a lot to those who received them."

"I see," Tampion said. "Did you handle those affairs for him?"

"No. He wouldn't have the people coming here, to a business office, on such matters, and he said that it would've taken too much of my time to visit them. So he left Lewis to attend to it all."

"The chauffeur, eh? How long has he been distributing these handouts?"

"Oh, for years," the secretary said. "Lewis was a much-trusted servant. Mr. Bullivant thought the world of him."

"Could you perhaps let me have a look at the list of people he helped?" Tampion asked.

She was doubtful. Many of Bullivant's casual donations hadn't been recorded, she told him, and, though there was a list of the regular charities, she doubted whether she ought to make it available to a reporter.

"Don't think of me as a reporter," Tampion said. "Think of me as a man who missed out on his true vocation. I became a reporter only because I wasn't big enough to gain admittance to the police force. It was the force's loss, of course."

People just couldn't hold out against Ellis Tampion. Without quite knowing why she should, the secretary let him copy some addresses from Bullivant's list.

The length of the list amazed the newsman, and from the neatly tabulated amounts opposite each name he could see that the murdered man's charitable contributions must have added to a princely sum.

When McDonald arrived, Tampion said, "It's all yours, Mac. Mandon is still inside questioning two of the staff. So-long."

Tampion spent a busy afternoon. He questioned many people. Most of them responded readily enough, and by late afternoon he was able to report to Macy that, like Mandon's, his own case was developing nicely.

Macy wasn't very interested in Tampion's case. He said, "What's holding Mandon up? I was hoping for an arrest for the final edition, but——"

"Lack of a motive is holding him up," Tampion interrupted. "The good inspector has three suspects, but he can't establish a motive. Murder must make sense, chief."

Macy looked at him curiously. "What have you been doing with the 'Post's' time, Sherlock?"

"Establishing a motive, among other things," the reporter said calmly. "I know who killed Bullivant, and why. All I need now is proof."

A telephone tinkled on the news editor's table, and he barked into the receiver. Then, "What? Roscoe Hig—— spell it." He scribbled on a pad, and Tampion saw the name Roscoe Higland. Macy listened to more talk on the phone, his chubby face creased in a grin.

"All right, Mac," he said at last. "I'll put you on to the copy-desk. We'll just make the final edition."

He switched the call, and grinned up at Tampion. He said, "So Mandon lacks a motive, eh? Not any more, he doesn't."

"Who is Roscoe Higland?" Tampion asked.

"One of the two men who used the washroom." Macy was enjoying the reporter's astonishment. "A bookkeeper. While you've been amateur detecting, the police have had Higland's books checked. He's out a few thousand pounds. The police are holding him for embezzlement, but other charges may follow."

Tampion closed his eyes tightly in thought. He said, "All right, the man's books are short. Does that make him a murderer?"

CHUCKLING, Macy said: "Why not? He's been monkeying with the accounts and Bullivant is suspicious. Some little thing happens and causes the boss to doubt his employee's honesty. So before he can call in the auditors and have Higland exposed, the bookkeeper kills him."

Tampion opened his eyes and said quickly, "After which his books are examined and he's exposed anyway. That makes about as much sense as the remainder of Mandon's case."

"The trouble with you," Macy sighed, "is that you look at everything too coldly, too logically. You make no allowance for the silly things people do in panic."

"Chief," said Tampion, "I don't think you've ever been so wrong. Bullivant's murderer did a very silly thing in panic, and even though it gave the whole show away, I can make allowances and understand why it was done." He smiled quietly.

"I can understand it," he went on, "because, like the killer, I'm something of an illusionist myself." He turned a penny into a pencil before Macy's scowling gaze, then made the pencil vanish.

"Very clever," the news editor growled. "You ought to be on the stage."

"I ought to be in the police force," Tampion lamented. "Some day, maybe, they'll recognise that brain is superior to brawn and scrap their measurement regulations." He waved airily to the news editor and walked out.

Next morning Detective-Inspector Mandon made a non-committal statement to the Press. No murder charge had yet been made in the Bullivant affair, he said, but early developments could be expected.

Later, to Ellis Tampion, who contrived to remain and turn a Press interview into a confidential chat, the inspector admitted that he hesitated to charge the timid bookkeeper, Higland, with murder.

The fellow had got himself into a financial mess and had taken the easy way out, but murder was something else again.

"A man of your experience does well to let himself be guided by his knowledge of human nature," Tampion said soberly. "Higland didn't kill Bullivant, Inspector. But I know who did. I'm willing to trap the murderer for you, if you want me to."

Please turn to page 32

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A Matter of Logic

Continued from page 31

INSPECTOR Mandon stared at the reporter, and saw the conviction deep in those calm, grey eyes. He nodded, and said, "Go ahead, Tampion."

The reporter lit a cigarette. He said, "The Bullivant murder was an illusion, and the main worry of any amateur illusionist is that his trickery will be seen through. I'm going to play on that. May I use your phone?"

He dialled a number, and when he asked for a certain person the inspector frowned in astonishment. Tampion nodded, his thin lips quirked in a smile.

"Hullo," he said into the phone. "My name is Simpson. What's that? You don't know me? Ah, but I know you. Yes. I'm a cleaner at the Kandy Klub. I was cleaning there yesterday morning when you killed Oscar Bullivant. I was down on my hands and knees among the tables and you didn't see me."

Mandon had quietly lifted another receiver and was listening. He heard the voice at the other end say, 'What . . . what do you want?"

"What do you want?" Tampion countered. "Would you like me to inform the police? Or would you prefer to meet me somewhere and discuss a cash settlement?"

The voice hesitated, then it said, "All right. I'll . . . I'll meet you. Where? When?"

"In front of the Town Hall at noon," Tampion said. "When I'm dealing with a murderer I like to have lots of people about. Bring me five hundred pounds in small notes and be on time. Good-bye." He hung up quickly.

He dialled another number then, saying to Mandon, "This'll make Macy sit up."

Into the phone, he said: "Mr Macy, please . . . Hullo, chief——"

"Where have you been?" Macy roared. "If you think——"

"All right," the reporter broke in. "If you don't want the story I'll take it somewhere else."

"Story? What story?"

Tampion grinned at the change in the other man's tone. He said, "Surprise arrest in Bullivant case. The police to-day arrested Murray Lewis, chauffeur, and charged him with the murder of his employer, Oscar Bullivant. The arrest was made swiftly and quietly in front of the Town Hall, and was the culmination of brilliant co-operation between Detective-Inspector Mandon and 'Daily Post' reporter Ellis Tampion . . ."

The news editor roared, "Good work, Ellis. I'll get someone to take the story right away. Is it exclusive?"

"Is it exclusive?" Tampion echoed. 'Listen, you old warhorse, it hasn't even happened yet. But it will. I'll bet this is the first time you've had news on your desk before it's happened." He hung up on the spluttering news editor.

It happened, all right. Mandon's men closed in on the chauffeur just as he handed the money to the detective who posed as "Simpson." The "Daily Post" was first paper on the streets with the news, and Tom Macy was pleased.

He was also puzzled, but Ellis Tampion grinned at him through the inevitable cigarette haze.

"It was simple enough, really. It struck me that if a Bullivant employee had wanted to kill his boss he'd surely have done it in some place where he wouldn't be associated with the crime. I also realised that the theory worked both ways. In other words, if somebody outside the firm wanted to kill him, it was a splendid idea to make it look like an inside job.

"The murder weapon was found on the premises. That was a very necessary part of the illusion. I figured that it could only have been thrown behind that pile of ledgers by Lewis, since he was the one outsider on the floor when Bullivant was found dead.

"Miss Tinsley said that Lewis handled Bullivant's smaller charities, had been doing so for years. But Bullivant was on the eve of retirement, which probably meant that he'd be able to take over the distribution of charities himself."

He gave a little satisfied smile.

"I got some addresses from the secretary," he went on, "and interviewed certain people—a woman running an orphanage, an old blind couple living in the slums, oh, lots of 'em. In most cases I found that the amounts they received were a lot less than Bullivant allotted them. Lewis had been pocketing the difference for years. He must have collected a small fortune.

"Well, Bullivant's impending retirement might have meant exposure and gaol for Lewis, who decided that it would be a pity to be deprived of a fortune so painstakingly stared."

"All right," Macy said impatiently. "Motive is established. But how did the chauffeur kill Bullivant?"

"It was easy," Tampion said. "I questioned Mrs. Bullivant. She said that, the night before, she and her husband had dined at the Roxie, theatred at the Grande, and supped at the Kandy Klub. Questioned by Mandon, Lewis didn't mention the Kandy Klub.

"He told Mandon about his search for the lost cigarette case at the Roxie and Grande, but kept quiet about the Kandy. He didn't want the police to know that he'd been to the Kandy Klub on the morning of Bullivant's death."

"Why not?" said Macy. "I don't get it."

"Well, first of all, Bullivant didn't really lose that cigarette case. Lewis stole it. He wanted the excuse to go looking for it. He went to the Roxie and the Grande just to make it look good. But his real object was the Kandy Klub.

"There, he asked the attendant on the ground floor if he could take a look on the roof-garden where his boss had been the night before. He went up alone in the automatic lift.

"The roof-garden of the club is six floors high and directly opposite Bullivant's office. At that hour, of course, it was deserted. Lewis took careful aim across the narrow street and shot Bullivant through his open office window.

"All set with his story of having found the cigarette case among the car cushions, he went to the Bank Building to 'see' Bullivant. Miss Tinsley found Bullivant dead at his table. Lewis took immediate control, like the old and trusted servant he was. He herded everyone out and sent the secretary to her desk to phone the police. And here comes the interesting part, chief.

"Lewis had created an illusion, but an illusionist's biggest worry is that somebody will spot how the trick was done. To Lewis at that moment it seemed that Bullivant's open window must surely scream to the world that the death bullet had come that way. So he closed the window, left the little office, mingled with the shocked staff, and got rid of the revolver."

"An amazing case," Macy grunted. "But I don't see how you——"

"It's very simple," Tampion said. "The closed window gave the game away. Lewis said that the cigarette case was given to Bullivant by his Yacht Club friends. I made inquiries and found that the old boy had been a very active yachtsman. He spent all his week-ends and vacations at it, yachting in all kinds of weather."

Tampion curved his lips in a grin, making two florins appear and disappear at will on the palm of his hand.

"A simple matter of logic," he said. "Was it likely that an outdoors enthusiast like Bullivant would be stewing in a stuffy office in summer with the only window closed?"

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LIEGE is the nearest town to this chateau in the Ardennes Forest where Desiree Meredith and Sheelagh Hunter were invited to stay after owner gave them lift.

VENICE was a thrilling experience for the girls, who are floating down one of the canals in a gondola. In this city they did all the conventional sightseeing.

Australian girls hitch-hike through Europe

Plenty of initiative, plus a yen to go places, helped two young Australian girls to see a large slice of Europe, while most would-be trippers were languishing in England bemoaning the currency restrictions on travel.

The girls hitch-hiked their way through six countries, covering over 3000 miles, and the tour cost each of them a little more than £30.

DESIREE MEREDITH, of Double Bay, New South Wales, bubbles over with excitement when she tells of the trip she shared with fellow Australian Sheelagh Hunter. At the time Desiree was 19 years old and Sheelagh 21.

The girls met in London in 1947 and set off for the Continent in July of that year with a return ticket from London to Zurich, a strong desire to see Switzerland as cheaply as possible, and a rather timid approach to hitch-hiking.

"We soon got over our timidity when we realised that hitch-hiking is a recognised method of travel in Europe, especially for students," Desiree said.

"We felt a bit foolish at first, but we found the best plan of action was to find the main road outside a town, and then just stand and wave hopefully at anything that was going in the right direction."

They were so successful that they rode more than they hiked, travelling in anything and everything, from a chauffeured limousine to a tractor.

In this way they toured Switzerland, Italy, France, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg, making full use of the youth hostels which dot a great part of Europe.

Before leaving London the two girls joined the Youth Hostel Association, membership of which entitled them to stay at any of the youth hostels in England or Europe for 1/- to 2/- a night, depending on the rate of exchange.

Most of the hostels are within a day's easy travelling distance of the next hostel, but if further apart there is usually available what is known as "simple overnight accommodation." This is quite often a farm-house or private home.

Italy was the only country they visited which did not offer youth hostel accommodation.

"This didn't matter much, as the hotels were both cheap and clean," Desiree said. "The worst disaster was that our hitch-hiking gestures were not understood by the Italians. They thought we were waving, and merely waved cheerfully back at us."

The first stage of their journey was the Channel crossing, and a train journey to Zurich, where they alighted with high hopes.

They were dressed for hiking, wearing blouses and skirts and stout shoes, and carrying haversacks loaded with tinned food and personal belongings. They took turns at carrying a small suitcase which contained a good silk dress, shoes, and silk stockings apiece.

SORRENTO, which, like so much of Italy, fascinated the girls and fulfilled all their expectations.

At Zurich they spent their first night in a youth hostel. Desiree describes these hostels as meeting places for the youth of every imaginable country.

As well as the two girls, the Zurich hostel was sheltering two British soldiers, probably A.W.L.; a Dutch lad, who played the guitar by day and snored by night; two armed Communists, who stated they were en route to Greece to join the guerrilla forces; a Danish medical student who displayed his skill at hypnotising chickens; an American who made a comfortable living by buying and selling his dollars at a tidy profit; and two Scottish girls who arrived on motor-bikes and wearing slacks.

Outside Zurich they made their first hitch-hiking attempt, making for Lucerne. The hostel there proved to be a typical Swiss chalet built on the side of a mountain and with a wonderful view of Mt. Pilatus.

Worked for dinner

HERE the girls worked for their dinner cleaning windows of the Mt. Pilatus restaurant.

They were rewarded with a meal, which they ate at a table by a window overlooking the Lake of Lucerne.

On their way from Lucerne to Interlaken Sheelagh rescued a girl who was drowning in the lake.

With much ceremony the local police chief informed her that she would be presented with a scroll of honor and a sum of money. When they were travelling through the village, on the last leg of their return trip, the girls called at the police station again, and Sheelagh was duly presented with the scroll and the sum of 20 francs.

While sight-seeing in Venice, the girls were attracted by a group of children standing in a breathless circle, their eyes fairly popping. The object of their attention proved to be the Danish medical student they had met in the Zurich hostel, and he was up to his old trick of hypnotising chickens.

Desiree said they met their youth hostel associates in one place after the other, a fact which made Europe seem quite small and very friendly.

Making for Florence, the girls left Venice by taking a gondola to the mainland. There a gruff U.S. staff-sergeant with a kindly heart "imagined" they were a couple of U.S. Army nurses on leave, and took them as far as Florence on a leave train.

From Florence they hopped a ride with four Belgian economic students who were seeing Europe from a jeep.

Jeep race

IN this entertaining company the girls were conveyed to Rome, to Naples, from there to Vesuvius, Pompeii, and Sorrento.

Rocketing along in the jeep on the beautiful road to Sorrento a car passed them, and the occupants, two women and a young boy, waved. The girls and their hosts waved back, and then overtook the car, until an impromptu race developed. By the time they reached Sorrento they were firm friends.

The people in the limousine proved to be members of the Serracapriole family, who are related to the ex-King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel, and live in a luxurious villa with a breath-taking view of the Bay of Naples. Desiree and Sheelagh and their Belgian friends were entertained for dinner by the Serracapriolos and taken for a sight-seeing tour of Capri.

At Monte Carlo the girls risked a few francs on the gaming tables. Desiree said it is completely demoralising the way the casino croupiers seem to take in at one glance your clothes, position, and the contents of your purse.

The next stop was Cannes, and from there the girls made their way to Geneva via Grasse, Digne, and Grenoble to Chamonix, in the French Alps.

Part of their original return train ticket, by now showing signs of wear, was used to take the girls back to Paris, from where they made a fresh start, heading for Belgium and Holland.

From Amsterdam a fish lorry took them north to the Zuider Zee, across the great dyke, and into Friesland.

Luxembourg was the last country they visited, and from there they returned to England.

Both girls are back in Australia now, Desiree resuming her acting career, and Sheelagh taking a course in interior decorating. They hear regularly from the numerous friends they made on the Continent.

Would they make the same trip again, and in the same fashion?

"Well, yes," Desiree said. "But it wouldn't be the same the second time."

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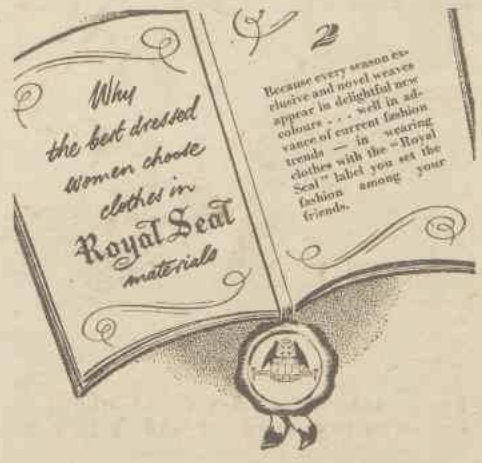

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The Australian Women's Weekly

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AT ALL NEWSAGENTS 1/6

Pursuit of Happiness

Continued from page 9

"You'll find it a depressant," Dr. Hall said.

"Bless your heart, doctor," Ernie said, "so are you." He seemed to be nerving himself to a supreme effort, and smiled at her half-heartedly. "We're entirely alone here. Herbert won't come back. We're cut off from the world. Isn't it cosy and intimate?"

"Very," Dr. Hall replied.

"Aren't you too warm?" Ernie said. "Wouldn't you like to remove your glasses?"

"I'm too short-sighted," Dr. Hall said, "and, anyhow, I have to keep you under observation."

"That's practically a joke, doctor," Ernie said, and appeared to stiffen suddenly. But then he relaxed and glumly added, "We're as alone as if we were on a desert island. Why don't we give way to madness and the hot young blood pounding in our veins? A moment of ecstasy in this weary waste of time . . . an oasis of passion—" His voice trailed off.

"Yes?" Dr. Hall said, abruptly aware of a curious interest, non-medical in type, and even some hot young blood pounding.

"Never mind," Ernie said. He got up from the couch. "The fact is, doctor, I intended to make a kind of scientific pass at you this evening, but I'm too low in my mind. Perhaps some other time when I'm gayer——"

"I see," Dr. Hall said. She rose thoughtfully, not a particularly cheerful neurologist. "Well, I think we have done all we can for the moment."

"We sure have," Ernie said.

He helped her with her coat and saw her to the door. They shook hands. Dr. Hall stared into the patient's big brown eyes and bit her lip.

"I'll help you, Ernie," she said, "if it's the last thing I ever do."

"Sure you will, doctor," Ernie said soothingly. "And try to cheer up. You've got your whole life ahead of you, full of fun and parties and dissecting and disease. Why should a beautiful specialist like you look blue?"

"You mustn't worry about me," Dr. Hall said. "I'll be all right. And please don't commit suicide before I find a cure."

KNOWING now that she was up against the toughest case of her career, Dr. Hall went the wrong way to the elevator and ended up on a fire escape.

The ensuing week-end was devoted to intensive study and reflection — solely concerning Ernie. Promptly at five on Sunday afternoon, Dr. Hall switched on her radio and listened to his programme. She spent an amusing half-hour full of Ernie, songs, and music, jokes and commercials for Madame Pompadour's Raving Beauty Soap.

Somehow, at five-thirty, she felt cheered and relaxed and more hopeful of aiding him. Calling upon all her powers of concentration, Dr. Hall formulated a conditional hypothesis.

On Monday she conferred with Dr. Benton, who was much interested in her discussion of the preliminaries with Ernie.

"I believe I should now make an investigation of broadcasting," Dr. Hall said. "Unfortunately, my case load is heavy. In order to spare the time——"

"I know what you're going to say," Dr. Benton said, "and I heartily approve, doctor. We'll see that you're given all the time you need."

"Thank you, doctor," Dr. Hall said. "I was sure of your sympathetic assistance."

Dr. Hall had her secretary telephone Ernie. With some difficulty, the girl located him in Radio City in an advertising agency.

"This is Dr. Hall, Ernie," Dr. Hall said, coming on the line.

"Who?" Ernie said dully. "Dr. who?"

"The blonde," Dr. Hall said, rather astonishing herself.

"Oh," Ernie said. "Of course. Are you feeling any nippier than you did last week, doctor?"

"Yes, thank you," Dr. Hall said. "How are you?"

"Just peachy," Ernie said. "I'm on the forty-fourth floor here, and they have me tied in a chair so I won't jump out the window."

"I'm making progress on your case," Dr. Hall said, "but I need entree into the radio business to study your working conditions. Can you arrange that for me?"

"I'll have Mr. Broads, my manager, call you," Ernie said. "Look, doctor, you keep your chin up. If depression overcomes you, try to dissect a frog or something and divert your thoughts."

"Yes, Ernie," Dr. Hall said.

She met Herman Broads at Radio City the next day. He was a fat, worried, bald man who did not conceal his surprise at the sight of Ernie's new medical adviser.

"I can't believe my eyes," he stated frankly. "Do you realise, doctor, that if you had good representation you could be dancing in the front line of a chorus in a night-club?"

"Nonsense!" Dr. Hall said firmly. "Mr. Broads, I'd like to examine every aspect of Mr. Parker's profession. I have a hypothesis I'm attempting to substantiate."

"You couldn't have come to a better place," Herman said. "Pick up your tools and follow me, doc."

Soon Dr. Hall had acquired a general knowledge of everything from page-boys to vice-presidents. She looked in on every department. She watched directors, singers, and disc jockeys.

She attended a meeting of Ernie with his writers, and was nearly thrown out for jotting down notes with her fountain pen; the writers thought she was stealing jokes.

Next Sunday, she went to the show and watched Ernie, pale and despairing and funny, and talked to him briefly when he was leaving the studio.

"Great show, wasn't it, doctor?" he asked grimly. "We were killing them."

"I enjoyed it very much," Dr. Hall said. "My hypothesis is standing up."

"Have it pull up a chair and get off its feet," Ernie said, "and may heaven forgive me for that remark. Good-bye, doctor. You might never see or hear me again."

Dr. Hall returned high-heartedly to her apartment, made certain calculations, and revised her notes. Then she phoned Herman Broads.

"Herman," she said, "you have a wide acquaintance among humorists. Now think carefully. How many of them who earn a living by being funny are joyous, exhilarated, and mirthful?"

"Why, they're all as blue as a turkey in a freezing locker," Herman said.

"Thank you," Dr. Hall said. "That's enough information. Good-bye."

Please turn to page 35

DR. HALL shrugged. "As you wish," she replied, "but I don't believe your reputation can suffer by association with physicians."

"Put it down to my nervous condition, doctor," Ernie said. "Remember all the physicians who have asked me to take my clothes off and——"

"Good afternoon, Mr. Parker," Dr. Hall said.

"Good afternoon," Ernie said. "You have blue eyes, don't you? I can't quite tell when you're wearing your glasses."

"Yes, blue, Mr. Parker," Dr. Hall said. "Good afternoon."

"Not my favorite color," Ernie said, "which is no more than you could expect from a man in my condition. Good afternoon, doctor."

. . . . . .

The apartment house where Ernie dwelt was huge and imposing. A discreet manservant ushered Dr. Hall into Ernie's living-room. Before the fireplace was a table with dinner for two, complete with silver ice-bucket and a bottle of champagne. The patient shambled from an adjoining doorway.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" he remarked in a dispirited voice.

"Dr. Hall," Dr. Hall said. "Incidentally, do you have trouble with your memory?"

"Not where old jokes are concerned," Ernie said. "Sit down doctor, and I'll spread a bit of caviar on a bun for you."

Dr. Hall declined wine four separate and distinct times. Ernie drank a glass of the cup that cheers and was not cheered.

"You're devoting the night to me aren't you?" he asked morosely.

"The evening," Dr. Hall said.

"Then have a drink, doctor," Ernie said.

"I never use intoxicants," Dr. Hall told him. "Do you find that they aid you particularly?"

"Don't get sarcastic, doctor," Ernie said.

They had an excellent meal, and Ernie turned on a record machine which played soft and languorous music. The manservant cleared away the table, left coffee heating over an alcohol burner, and asked if there would be anything else.

"No, thank you," Ernie said. "Take the night off and enjoy yourself, Herbert. I wish I could."

"Thank you, sir," Herbert said. "Perhaps you will yet."

"His last remark sounded like a joke, didn't it?" Ernie remarked, after the manservant had gone.

"What?" Dr. Hall said.

"Nothing," Ernie said.

Producing a notebook and pen, Dr. Hall suggested they sit on the couch together and have their talk. Ernie spoke at length in a hopeless tone, holding nothing back; but though Dr. Hall jotted down a few pertinent facts she discovered little of value to her in his recital.

The lights were low and the music soothing, and finally Dr. Hall sighed and closed the interview. Her patient dropped a careless arm around her shoulders.

"You depress me more than anyone I know," he said. "Tell me about yourself."

His eyes were tragic wells that Dr. Hall couldn't resist; stifling the protest that rose automatically to her lips, she allowed the arm to remain. Rather self-consciously, she told him of her father, who was a bacteriologist, and her mother, who had devoted herself to a searching investigation of the endocrine glands.

She spoke of her life as a child and the exalted moment when—as she dissected a frog in a high-school biology class—she realised that a knowledge of the nervous systems of the higher vertebrates was the only thing that would ever bring her a sense of fulfilment.

"Dissecting a frog, you said?" Ernie said. "I feel dreadful. I think I'll have a stiff brandy."

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

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Pursuit of Happiness

Continued from page 34

THE next morning she went to Ernie's apartment. He was in dressing-gown and pyjamas, being served breakfast by his manservant.

"Hello, doctor," he said. "Isn't it horrible to have to wake up and confront another lovely spring day? If my face doesn't upset you, have breakfast with me."

"I've only a moment to spare," Dr. Hall said. "Ernie, listen to this one. The servant says, 'The doctor's here, sir.' The absent-minded man says, 'I can't see him. Tell him I'm ill.'"

Ernie leaped perceptibly and spilled coffee on himself. He gazed at his physician with real horror.

"Go away, doctor," he said.

"It checks," Dr. Hall said. "We're in sight of land, Ernie. I'll be prescribing for you shortly."

The haggard young man was unable to reply to her, and she left him to go to the clinic. Dr. Benton was in his office.

"The Parker case is cracked," Dr. Hall reported. "It's actually quite simple. Comedians as a class have strong tendencies toward melancholia from the very nature of their work, particularly because there are no new jokes. Besides that, the way Ernie attains his most comic effects is by assuming an attitude of gloom and despair—what is known technically as 'a dead-pan delivery.' I believe. The combination of circumstances has resulted in his malady."

"Bless my soul," Dr. Benton said. "That is a brilliant analysis, doctor, but what is the cure."

"Doctor," Dr. Hall said, "I propose to give the patient the latest cheer-up drug, even though it means running the risk of inducing in him a temporary psychotic condition."

"I concur, doctor," Dr. Benton said. "Suppose he does go insane for a brief period. Who'll notice it on the radio?"

Strengthened in confidence by the interview with Dr. Benton, Dr. Hall had the capsules prepared and arranged to send them by special messenger to Ernie. She called him at his apartment, where he was still brooding, and explained that he was to take one each morning.

"I hate medicine," Ernie said. "What is this?"

"Wait and see," Dr. Hall said, "and get ready to sing when you turn on the shower."

Three days passed, and Dr. Hall was distressed to observe various nervous reactions in herself. She was intense and irascible, and her palms were damp and moist. As she began to crack up visibly, a call came from Herman Broads.

"Doc," he said, "what have you done with our boy? It's a miracle! You can't stop him laughing and enjoying life; he's a regular ray of sunshine."

Then the patient himself rang Dr. Hall. Even she could scarcely believe the sprightliness in his voice.

"Dear doctor," he said, "this is your melancholy baby. I wonder if you could comb out your hair and meet me in Central Park in an hour? I want to show you the birds and bees and the flowers and the wholesome, glorious outdoors."

"I'll be right over," Dr. Hall said.

Obediently she combed out her hair and then ran out to meet Ernie.

In Central Park, Ernie was barely keeping off the grass and in his right mind. He greeted his medical adviser with a wide smile, kissed her on the lips, and led her happily into the wildwood. She had left her glasses off, and could see practically nothing except the largest objects, and her hair kept blowing in her eyes, but she was entirely content.

"Doctor," Ernie said, "you have made me the happiest man in the world. I owe everything to you. Will you be mine and dance through life with me?"

"I do," Dr. Hall said. "I mean, I will."

"My darling doctor," Ernie said. "Listen, this'll murder you. The wife says, 'What did you get drunk for, in the first place?' The husband says, 'I didn't get drunk in the first place. I got drunk in the last place.'"

Laughing heartily, they went to lunch together at the Tavern on the Green.

Their ecstasy lasted until Sunday. On that day happy Ernie Parker, filled with bubbling mirth and joie de vivre, presented a show that curled up the network. His admirers were stunned from coast to coast. The sponsor had a fight with his wife. Dr. Hall sat alone by her radio, realising that the game was up. The telephone interrupted her long, long thoughts.

"What have you done to Laughing Boy?" Herman demanded. "The guy is funning himself right out of radio. A couple more shows that only he enjoys, and he'll be through."

"I know, I know," Dr. Hall said, in a fine imitation of Laughing Boy's former manner.

Pale but composed, she sought out Dr. Benton.

"Did you hear the Ernie Parker programme to-day?" Dr. Hall asked.

"Yes, doctor," Dr. Benton said.

DR. HALL said in hollow tones: "I have only one choice — cheer him up or keep him working. He's a better-integrated individual rising from the depths to cheer others than he is having a good time himself. I've made a serious professional error, doctor."

"We can't win every bout," Dr. Benton replied. "Let us take comfort in the victories we have won, doctor."

"Take him off that cheer-up drug, will you, doctor?" Dr. Hall said. "Explain the circumstances to him, if he doesn't already understand. I—I can't bear to talk to him. Just say I realise he couldn't possibly want to remain engaged to me after how things have turned out, and that I said g-good-bye."

"Depend upon me, doctor," Dr. Benton said, in his kindly fashion.

Three days went by. They could have been three years, according to Dr. Hall's reckoning. She was in the laboratory, peering through a microscope at some cerebrospinal fluid, when the patient appeared. They stared at each other with melancholy blue and brown eyes, and Dr. Hall grew as colorless as her smock.

"Doctor," Ernie said, "you don't know how it depresses me to say it, but I still love you. Would you be willing to marry me and live unhappily ever afterward?"

"I guess so," Dr. Hall said. "Who cares what becomes of us?"

Ernie took her in her arms and tenderly kissed her. For a second it seemed as if he might smile, but the message never got through.

"We'll have an old stone house in the country," he said, "and some old furniture, and some old jokes. It makes me kind of happy to think of you as my dear wife."

"No, no," Dr. Hall said. "Don't say that. You'll wreck yourself, Ernie. Fix the thought firmly in your mind that our marriage is going to be horrible."

"I wasn't really happy," Ernie said. "I just said that to cheer you up."

Dr. Benton entered the laboratory, noticed them embracing, and managed to look disgruntled.

"We are announcing our engagement, doctor," Dr. Hall said gloomily.

"Well, well," Dr. Benton said. "I won't offer my congratulations—that wouldn't be in order. But I do wish you all of the worst."

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He flipped his cigarette derisively on the path. I pointed at it. "John", I said, "if that cigarette blows under the house and burns it down, you'll get exactly £2,000 from us, not even £2,500. Because that's the amount of your original insurance, and, despite all your additions and the enhanced value, you haven't increased it."

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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

STIFF fabrics will be worn for winter formals, and taffeta is one of the best in this category for the ballroom. Both moire and plain taffetas are shown in lovely pastels, as well as interesting subtle tones such as pine, blueberry, taupe, and raisin.

Because of this I have chosen taffeta as the fabric for the reader who sent in the following letter:

Practical and effective

"CAN you help me with my problem of what type of evening frock would suit me, something at lowest possible cost and something that with some slight change could look different. I intend to go to a ball this season—the first in my life. I am a married woman with two children, age 27, height 5ft. 6in., fairly slim, dark brown hair, bluey-grey eyes, not much color. Please suggest material, color, and type of shoes and evening wrap."

I'm afraid that even with the most economical planning an evening dress plus accessories is an expensive proposition. I advise you to have the dress made in taffeta; taffeta has good lasting qualities and can be bought in a good color range. Your best color would be feather-grey, deep blue, lavender, or pastel pink. Any color that is too bright will tend to make your skin look sallow.

Keep the design simple and not in any way exaggerated. Have the waist well defined, skirt with nice fullness, and neckline just off-shoulders and finished with a smallish cape-collar. It will be necessary to have a waist petticoat, full length, of course. This would be quite satisfactory made in any type of white cotton with the hemline outlined with a frill of the dress material.

To change about, have a striped material sash (colors to contrast with the dress) and a gold kid belt. Wear gold kid evening shoes, budget permitting. An evening wrap will be an extra expense, and, as you probably won't wear it again for some months, I would feel very inclined to wear your daytime coat. You could wear it thrown around your shoulders and discard it the moment you arrive at the ball. If you would feel happier with an evening wrap, a short jacket with long sleeves is the solution. Have the jacket in velveteen, with a good flare at the back; amethyst would be attractive for the color and would be perfect with any of the colors I have suggested for your dress.

● *Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.*

Maternity suit

"I AM an expectant mother and wish to make a special frock. The event takes place in June. As I am not big I will not need to wear a maternity frock until April, therefore I would like it made in lightweight wool. I am 25 but look only about 22. I like plain clothes, minus frills and gathers."

I would advise a trim suit in preference to a dress. Perhaps made either in taupe or elephant-grey. Have the jacket wrist-length, finished with a small round collar and narrow cuffs. Have it cut straight and square to avoid the pyramid look that a flare silhouette is apt to give. The skirt would be best made with an adjustable waistline. From the hips down the skirt can be just as narrow as an ordinary skirt.

Newest accessories

"LAST season I had a very smart outfit. It consisted of a suit with a waisted jacket and slim skirt; with it I carried a long-handled umbrella and large over-shoulder handbag. My problem is to know if the same accessories would be smart and correct worn this year?"

Your last season's accessories would not be incorrect, but a far newer accessory would be a stole. A stole is the No. 1 accessory of the season. It can be made in fur, or dress material bordered in fur, or just dress material. It wraps round you with luxurious warmth and looks terrifically chic with a suit. All handbags are smaller, and are carried in the hand rather than worn over the shoulder.

Prevailing trends

"WOULD you advise me on the following fashion points? What will be the most fashionable hat for autumn and winter? What style is new for formal dance frocks, and what is the latest in cocktail fashions? Are long skirts still being worn in the daytime and is a natural or padded shoulder correct?"

The prevailing trend in millinery is for small shapes that outline the head closely. To go with these new hats your hair should be cut short, and shaped to the head. The Empire line is the newest silhouette for formal ballroom fashion. Still seen in the ballroom is a picture dress with a wide skirt and bare-topped bodice. For late day fashions there is nothing newer than a one-piece with a slanting skirt. For the daytime a hem should be 11in. to 14in. from the floor, depending on your own figure proportions. Natural shoulders are in with no padding, or with enough to give a smooth line.

TAFFETA is practical and glamorous for an evening gown.

Cardigan suit

"WHAT type of suit would you recommend for a woman in her early forties? The suit is to wear when travelling by train to and from the city. Also, I would like advice on new colors."

I suggest a cardigan suit made of tweed or wool fabric, its jacket is made without revers and it can button as you please. This is a design that is gaining popularity with the advance of the season. Dark tones are newest for town wear—raisin, pine, steel-grey, mocha are all good. As the suit is to wear out of town as well as in the city, my choice of color would be grey. Suit, hat, and gloves all in a matching grey, with taffy-brown for handbag and shoes. Have the skirt made with four gores, slightly flared.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

A DELIGHTFUL four-piece lingerie set, made in a lovely floral satin. Colors include white printed in blue, pastel pink printed in blue and pink, and sky-blue printed in white and pastel pink.

"LAURA": A Flattering Nightgown
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Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 34/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 37/3. Postage, 1/9 extra.

"LOUISA": A Pretty Bed Jacket
Ready To Wear: 32in. and 34in. bust, 22/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 23/11. Postage, 8½d. extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 17/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 19/9. Postage, 8½d. extra.

"NAOMI": Form-fitting Slip
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 27/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 29/11. Postage, 10½d. extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 19/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 26/9. Postage, 10½d. extra.

"MARIAN": Tailored Scanties
Ready To Wear: Sizes 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. waist, 12/11. Postage, 5½d. extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. waist, 9/3. Postage, 5½d. extra.
Complete Set Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £5/5/-; 36in. and 38in. bust, £5/12/6. Postage, 2/- extra.
Complete Set Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 77/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 82/3. Postage, 2/- extra.

● N.B.: Please make second color choice.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

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A 1/- size packet is enough for 8 full coppers.

D1—49

1/- PACKET

Home-grown tobacco needs tough smokers

By MARY ST. CLAIRE, of our London staff

Not since I smoked my first cigarette under the bedclothes and nearly choked suppressing a violent fit of coughing have I felt quite as badly as I did to-day. I was smoking my first home-grown cigarette.

This cigarette was made from Havana leaf, had an aroma, fragrance, and strength that convinced me such smoking must be for Britons of strong character and strong physique.

NO, I didn't grow it myself. I have no garden; but I could have done so quite easily, it seems, in one of the allotments in Regent's Park. Yes, right here in London, in spite of wind, rain, and cold weather, people are growing tobacco leaf.

And there are estimated to be 200,000 of them. All growing their own tobacco, beating the queues and shortages, going under the soil instead of under the counter for their smokes.

With a membership of 3000, the British Pioneer Tobacco Growers' Association is getting these amateurs under control. With something of the spirit of small boys who collect "the makings" to retire behind the wood-shed, the Tobacco Growers have won the first round of their contest with the Government to set themselves up with a communal curing station.

Now, blessed by the exciseman, each member of the association is given a free hand to cure up to 25lb. of tobacco, which at the communal curing station is done at a cost of between 1/6 and 2/- a pound.

They calculate that association members get an average of six ounces of tobacco for pipe or cigarettes each week at an all-in cost of about 4d. an ounce.

To make certain the association retains its amateur status, the exciseman inspects the books of the Tobacco Growers Association, sees that it keeps adequate records. They may not buy or sell their tobacco.

Summertime last year saw the birth of this amateur tobacco industry.

The Reverend Hugh Cuthbertson formed and became president of the association.

It all started when the vicar mentioned in his parish magazine a simple tobacco-curing recipe given to him by a Cingalese clergyman visiting England. Hundreds of people wrote for that recipe. The vicar charged them 5/-, put it to the church fund. He has raised nearly £300.

Letters poured in from baronets, old-age pensioners, backyard gardeners, allotment holders, farmers, and agriculturists.

The vicar decided to revitalise British tobacco growing and reduce our dependence upon America, saving dollars.

Vicar sends out packets of seeds

Members of the association are convinced they can produce good quality tobacco, but "red tape" might render it an uncommercial proposition. As only second-class land is needed for a tobacco crop, this hobby in no way interferes with food production.

The British Medical Journal recently warned this growing army of home-growers that unless they cured tobacco properly it may cause colorblindness or spots before the eyes. This blindness is called "Tobacco amblyopia," and its danger is greatly enhanced if smokers are suffering from dietary deficiencies or excessive mental strain.

In commercial tobacco there is only a small nicotine content, because it has been largely broken down by fermentation. The danger in home curing is in not completing this fermentation process.

To this challenge from the medical profession the Rev. Cuthbertson replied, on behalf of his hardy band of home-growers: "My association takes the greatest care to see members give proper conditioning to their tobacco. There is no excuse for trying to frighten people."

Curing tobacco takes *only* two months, and does not depend on the vagaries of the English climate. The tobacco plant itself is hardy and seems to thrive in England.

So determined is the Rev. Cuthbertson to make tobacco growing a real industry that he started a campaign of scattering the seed.

"Scatter it in sunny public places or gardens—the more obvious the better—where you think it may grow," he says, and he posts off his little packets of seeds.

"Not in our parks," said the irate keepers of the Royal Parks. "Not on our embankments," said the British railways, "they're **not** public and they are quite dangerous."

But Mr. Cuthbertson is used to opposition.

"Scatter the seed around, watch it for a few months, and then report back to me.

"If the seed does not grow, which is likely, no harm will be done. If it does grow, then we shall know what kind of soil it can be grown in."

He believes tobacco growing can be cultivated from a hobby into a great industry.

One of the best soils to grow tobacco plants is where ruined buildings have stood and lime and stone have crumbled into the earth. An ideal place, the Tobacco Growers' Association says, is the bombed sites round St. Paul's Cathedral. But no attempt has yet been made to sow seed there.

From one of the best amateur producers come a few tips for curing. An ex-naval man, Mr. Ben Allen, uses the sailor's method of rolling the tobacco, and uses water to moisten the dried leaf before pressing.

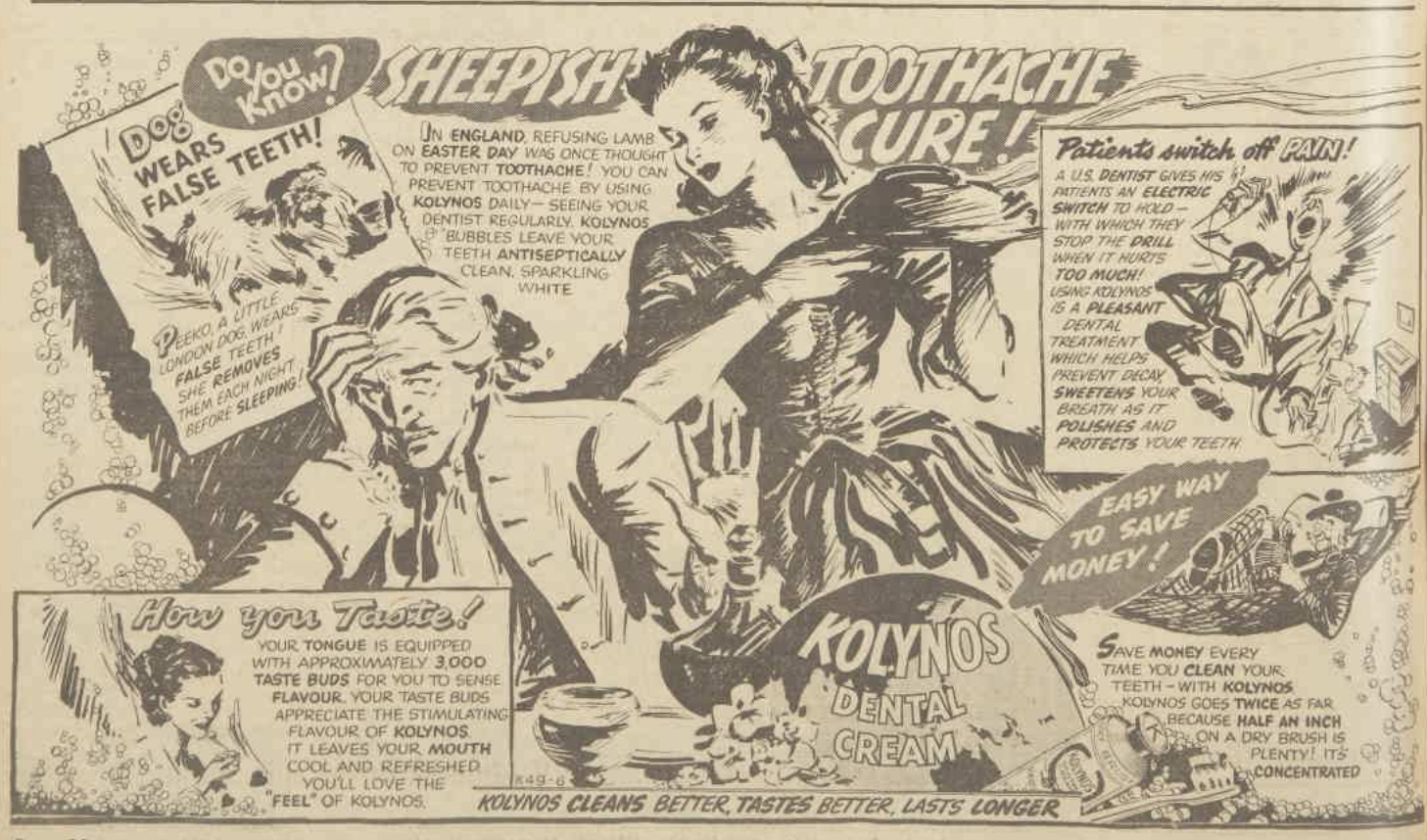
"I once tried Spanish liquorice and treacle, but it made it too strong," he says. Mr. Allen denies mixing rum with tobacco. "It is only an old Navy story, the rum was taken neat," he says.

Mr. Allen estimates that 12 tobacco plants yield about 2lb. of tobacco. He wraps the dampened leaves in hessian and then uses the naval method for rolling the tobacco.

For this he uses a double cord suspended tautly between two points such as nails or door handles. From one cord a loop is made round the hessian, which is already tied tightly with string, and by winding up the other cord tremendous pressure can be put on the hessian, as it is bound in the same manner as the handle of a hockey stick. The tobacco may then be used as soon as required by cutting the middle of the cocoon-shaped object and shredding as required.

All has not been plain sailing for the amateurs. Bad seed has caused disappointment, and cross-pollination has spoiled some crops. Experiments to extract the nicotine and tannin have been made with sugar, molasses, or rum, and treatment of the leaf is still in the experimental stages.

FOUNDER of the Pioneer Tobacco Growers' Association in England, the Rev. Hugh Cuthbertson, of Tilty, Essex, encourages members to broadcast seed on any vacant ground.



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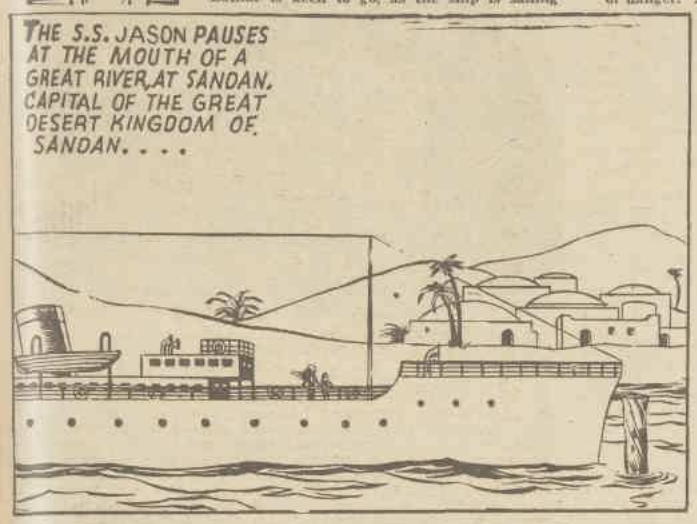
Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go home after their adventures in search of the flame pearls. They expect to stay on land for a spell, but are tempted by an offer of a voyage on the ship s.s. Jason, on which glamorous PRINCESS NARDA will also be a passenger. Lothar is keen to go, as the ship is sailing to the land where he lived as a boy. So the Jason sets off over a calm ocean. They spend days in playing deck games, and at night watch the moon rise. Mandrake tells Narda and Lothar that this time the journey will be uneventful, but lovely Narda sees the lonely coast ahead and says she has a premonition of danger. NOW READ ON:



News from the studios

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood.

ANYTHING can happen. "Hamlet" is to get jive treatment in the Betty Hutton-Victor Mature comedy "Red, Hot, and Blue." Victor's going to direct the sequence himself. Ophelia? Betty Hutton. After film's completion, Betty and husband Ted Briskin go to the Hawaiian Islands for a holiday.

* * *

IF Clark Gable gets his way, he'll do a comedy next. Clark, who's noted for escorting the nation's most fascinating society women, feels that it wouldn't do him any harm to team with Claudette Colbert. When they teamed before they collected an Academy Award with "It Happened One Night."

* * *

IT isn't often stand-ins get a chance to show what they can do in the way of acting, but you'll see no fewer than three in "Dear Wife." The trio are Tommy Summers, Frank Meservey, and Gus Taillon. They're stand-ins for top stars Alan Ladd, Robert Preston, and Barry Fitzgerald. When you see the film, try to pick them.

* * *

DOES this mean another "Profile"? John Barrymore's son, John, jun., is being pushed by famous Hollywood drama coach Bob Paris for a role in William Saroyan's "The Beautiful People."

* * *

PAUL KELLY returns to Hollywood fresh from seventy triumphant weeks in Broadway success "Command Decision" for important part in the Barbara Stanwyck-Wendall Corey starrer "Thelma Jordan." The veteran actor will play the part of Miles, Corey's sidekick, in the exciting suspense story now before the cameras.

* * *

WITS suggest that retitling of Bob Hope's latest film from "Easy Does It" to "The Great Lover" might not be unconnected with the fact that Bob has made screen love to such glamor-girls as Paulette Goddard, Joan Caulfield, Dottie Lamour, Virginia Mayo, and Jane Russell.

* * *

IT looks as though nothing can stop blonde Shelley Winters becoming one of Hollywood's big names. She gets star ranking in Universal's "Contraband," in which she plays with Dan Duryea.

* * *

BEAUTIFUL little Peggy Cummins, who was taken out of "Forever Amber" and replaced by Linda Darnell, may get a second chance. It's said that director Gregory Ratoff wants her for "My Daughter Joy," to play a girl who blackmails her own mother. She's also spoken of for "Mrs. Mike," with Dick Powell.

* * *

WITH wife Dale Evans and his horse Trigger, cowboy star Roy Rogers is going to England on a personal-appearance tour. He hopes to follow in the steps of such famous people as Danny Kaye and Mickey Rooney, and do his act at London's Palladium.

* * *

JOHN LUND is the most popular man at Paramount since he stepped into the role that Ray Milland turned down because he refused to wear tights. The studio wants him to co-star with Barbara Stanwyck in "I Married A Dead Man," but M.G.M. are also dickering for his services for "Side Street," a documentary on the New York police. If the deal goes through he will play a mailman who traces a murderer.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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British film star wants role of Matthew Flinders

Michael Denison says explorer is ideal hero

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

New British film star Michael Denison wants to make a film based on the exploits of explorer Matthew Flinders.

Flinders became his ideal film hero when Michael acted the great explorer's part recently in an Empire pageant, "The Great Endeavour," at the Drury Lane Theatre.

HE told me this at the reception following the opening of his latest film, "The Glass Mountain," which was made in Italy with a mixed British and Italian cast and co-starred him with his wife, Dulcie Gray.

This is their second—and again highly successful—co-starring film. Their first, "My Brother Jonathan," was the second biggest box-office hit in Britain for 1948.

"From what I hear, Ernestine Hill's book, 'My Love Must Wait,' would be ideal on which to base a film script of Flinders' adventures," Michael said. "Many friends have told me about it, but I haven't yet discovered if anybody has bought the screen rights."

Michael has a persuasive and determined way with him, so he has every chance of seeing his wish realised. His wife, Dulcie Gray, is persuasive, too. Their joint wheedling, in fact, has so far enabled them to play together in two topline films—although they are contracted to different companies.

"We both think there is lots of material in the discovery and pioneering of Australia—right up to the present—which could be turned into excellent films. Dulcie was born in Malaya, and we are both very aware of Australia's significance in the Commonwealth."

It was his wife who first got Michael his chance for stardom, more by accident than design. Dulcie Gray was already an established star, filming in "Wanted For Murder" at Welwyn, when a studio executive asked her if she remembered an unknown young man with whom she had done a film test years before.

"Remember him?" said Dulcie, "he's my husband!"

Michael had done the test "for fun," and to be near Dulcie while on his few days' leave from the Army. That forgotten test, made to fill in time, brought him a film contract which led to immediate stardom.

Michael Denison "carried" his first film almost entirely on his own back, appearing in almost every scene, in one of the heaviest and most searching tests ever imposed on a screen newcomer.

The success of his first role as a young doctor in "My Brother Jonathan" says much for his film future; it exceeded his—and even his producers'—wildest dreams.

If Michael and Dulcie have anything to do with it, they will develop into permanent screen partners, although they belong to different studios.

Says Dulcie: "It has many advantages. For one thing, you can rehearse at home. And, of course, in love scenes it's much easier to act with your husband than with someone you've possibly met for the first time that day . . ."

And Michael says: "It helps immensely to know in advance exactly what the other's reaction will be to almost any situation in the script. Thus you can adapt your performance accordingly."

Every week-end they go to their cottage in a remote Essex village, the address of which is known only to their intimate friends, and where no film studio can reach them.

The cottage is something out of a story book: its roof is thatched, its windows quaintly latticed, and it is set like a jewel in an orchard with a stream and rustic bridge built by Michael. There is no telephone.

"That's on purpose," Michael said with a grin.

"We both like gardening. In fact, we are lucky to like so many of the same things. Our flat in London, for instance, is packed with lovely old china which we've both been collecting avidly for years. We're both bookworms, and we love music."

"The Glass Mountain" took Michael and Dulcie to Italy to film in the Dolomites a story based on a local legend. It introduces, too, Valentina Cortese, the exciting Italian star, who has now been claimed by Hollywood. In the film she is the "other woman," a partisan who rescues crashed flier Michael Denison and who, with the legend of the Glass Mountain, inspires him to write an opera.

The music of the film is ambitious and carries the story along with power. It is certain to consolidate the star position of Michael Denison, whose jut-jawed but friendly face is faintly reminiscent, in a very English way, of James Stewart.

Michael misses the theatre audiences—he decided to turn stage actor while still a student at Oxford. He and Dulcie met as drama students at the Webber Douglas School.

"In the studio you are the object of intense concentration, and your only audience is the director," he said. "Your own concentration is mainly technical—on your make-up, your hair, your clothes, in watching out that you are not too slow in taking off your coat and that your feet are toeing the right guide marks.

"On the stage you have to project your voice and wait till the audience catches up with what you mean. But a cinema audience can read an actor's mind instantly, and I find I have to quicken up my performance. It is very tricky. This has been my biggest hurdle in jumping from stage to films."

MICHAEL DENISON and his wife, Dulcie Gray, photographed with their pet Corgi, "Bonnie." Michael and Dulcie co-starred first in "My Brother Jonathan." The same husband-and-wife team will be seen next in "The Glass Mountain."

TALKING OF FILMS

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★★ *On Our Merry Way*

WHEN a group of people, each of whom is expert in his own line, get together on a film, the public has every reason to expect something good.

They get it in the comedy "On Our Merry Way," produced by Benedict Bogeaus and Burgess Meredith. It is not only good, it is supremely capably handled.

To watch the ease with which those knowledgable, smooth gentlemen, Burgess Meredith, James Stewart, Henry Fonda, and Fred MacMurray (and ladies, Paulette Goddard and Dorothy Lamour), handle their comedy roles is sheer pleasure.

What this group of film veterans don't know about extracting the last ounce out of their roles, underplaying, overplaying, timing, and attack, isn't worth knowing, and must be partly responsible for their keeping their star rating for so long.

Burgess Meredith is a classified ad. man—he specialises in lost cats and dogs. In a desperate effort to hold his new wife he gets himself appointed the "Daily Banner's" roving reporter for twenty-four hours, gives a beautiful, nervy, and bewildered performance.

He spends the day interviewing people, and his question for the day is "What great influence has a little child had upon your life?" The answers (told in three self-contained flash-back sequences) provide the thread holding the film together.

For a pair of old smoothies who clown their way with masterly ease through as funny a comedy sequence as you could wish to see, watch for James Stewart and Henry Fonda as two jazz musicians who strike trouble with a baby in her late teens.

Harry James (he's given the credit title of "guest star") appears briefly, but doesn't play his trumpet. He adjudicates at the talent contest run by Stewart and Fonda. Paulette Goddard hasn't a great deal to do, but what a lesson she can give young players in the handling of a line of dialogue!

Showing at the Esquire.

★ *Rogues' Regiment*

BASED on an imaginative story of what might have happened to Martin Bormann, only high-ranking Nazi officer to have escaped the Allied net, "Rogues' Regiment" makes an exciting, well-knit screenplay.

Dick Powell is the grim-faced intelligence officer who traces Bormann to the French Foreign Legion in Indo-China. It's the sort of tough-talking, tough-fisted role in which the former song-and-dance man Powell does so well these days.

Off-hand I can't recall another actor who's made the grade so well from girl-moon-and-June musicals to a highly acceptable type of dramatic portrayal.

The role of the high Nazi is played with tense effectiveness by Stephen McNally. His identification and capture by Powell, who has joined the so-called Rogues' Regiment at the same time, has excitement and suspense.

Marta Toren looked to me too nice a girl to be singing in a Saigon cabaret and handing on reports to French Intelligence. But Vincent Price as the German-born Saigon antique dealer did a nice job at a nasty piece of work.

Despite a frequently bogus-looking jungle and an obviously made-in-Hollywood Saigon, Universal's "Rogues' Regiment" manages to grip and entertain.

Film is at the Lyceum.

VETERAN spectacle director Cecil B. de Mille talks over a technical point with Hedy Lamarr (probably the most luscious Delilah of all time) on the set of "Samson and Delilah."

BRITISH star David Farrar, as the tough diamond miner in "Diamond City," tale of Kimberley's early days. Film is spoken of as Britain's first "Western."

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1—*APPEAL FOR FUNDS to finance expedition to South Pole is made in 1909 by Captain R. F. Scott, R.N. (John Mills).*

2—*BIDDING FAREWELL to her husband and his party on board the Terra Nova, Mrs. Scott (Diana Churchill) leaves them at a port.*

DOCTOR E. A. WILSON (Harold Warrender), Scott's best friend.

3—*ARRIVAL of the Terra Nova at Cape Evans. Scenes were filmed in Antarctic, Switzerland, and Norway.*

4—*REPORT to Captain Scott from Lieut. Pennell, R.N. (Bruce Seton), reveals that the explorer Amundsen has been sighted in the area.*

CAPTAIN "TITUS" OATES (Derek Bond), who bravely sacrificed his life.

5—*CHRISTMAS TREE is arranged by Lieut. Bowers (Reginald Beckwith) for the explorers at Cape Evans*

6—*AT THE POLE. Film version of the historical scene after the discovery that Amundsen had reached the Pole before Scott.*

LIEUT. H. R. BOWERS, R.I.M. (Reginald Beckwith), whose body was discovered with Scott and Dr. Wilson.

SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC

THE ill-fated expedition of Captain Scott to the South Pole in 1909 is one of the classic sagas of adventure in British history.

Ealing Studios filmed the story in technicolor. The production was made with the co-operation of survivors of Scott's last expedition, and relatives including Scott's widow, the late Lady Kennett.

Apart from the casting of John Mills as Scott, efforts were made to choose actors who closely resembled the characters they were to portray.

Complete accuracy, down to the printing of the wrappers round bars of chocolate taken by the expedition, marks the production, and permission had to be received from relatives and survivors for the expedition members to be portrayed on the screen.

PETTY-OFFICER EVANS (James Robertson Justice), who was the first member of the party to lose his life.

Nielsen SLIPPERS — for restful comfort — Nielsen SLIPPERS — nice to come home to — Nielsen SLIPPERS

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Ball Point Pen News!

REFILLABLE

Biro 'Minor'

BRITISH BALL POINT PEN

NOW... 6/-

Seven months ago, the Biro "Minor" with Refill was introduced in Australia — sales were phenomenal — production could not keep up with demand. Greatly increased production has now reduced costs, and the Miles-Martin Pen Co. Ltd., London, announces that the world-famous Refillable Biro "Minor" will sell in Australia at the amazingly low price of 6/-. Quality has not been changed — this is the very same Biro "Minor" precision-made in England. An addition is the **protector cap** which enables it to be carried in the pocket or handbag. Biro "Minor" writes in four separate colours . . . red, black, blue, green. Refills **for any Biro Ball Point Pen are available everywhere in Australia at 3/9 each. All refills are guaranteed.**

2 OTHER BIRO MODELS

"STANDARD" BIRO. In attractive Dove Grey, Maroon or Black case. 55/-. "Magnum" Refills 3/9 each.

"AUTOMATIC" BIRO. Silver-plated by Asprey of Bond Street, London. Press the clip and the point CLICKS OUT . . . press the clip and the point CLICKS IN! 69/-. Refills 3/9 each. Adaptors for "Magnum" Refills supplied **free.**

Biro is obtainable throughout the Eastern hemisphere. Buy a Biro and be sure of service.

At Stationers, Jewellers and Stores.

Biro

THE BRITISH BALL POINT PEN

The British Ball Point Pen Patent No. 122073, dated Dec. 8, 1943. Other patents pending. BMP2/16

The world's most romantic perfume

Whirling you away into the star-dusted land of romance . . Phūl-Nānā, perfume of sweetest power, disturbing mystery. A dream perfume matching the mood of to-day . . intensely alive, haunting, lasting. Wear Phūl-Nānā like a flower, day or night! Make your date with Phūl-Nānā now!

Perfume 2/-, 3/8, 5/-, 11/9, 18/6, 28/3. Bath Dusting Powder (with puff) 13/-. Talc (tins) 3/10, (bottles) 5/9. Hair Oil 4/6. Lip. Brilliantine 4/6. Sol. Brilliantine (jars) 4/6 (tins) 3/10. Lipstick 10/6. Bath Crystals 5/9.

Phūl-Nānā

DISTILLED, SEALED AND PACKAGED IN ENGLAND BY

GROSSMITH OF PICCADILLY

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR: Robert Blau (Australia). GPO Box 4711 Sydney; GPO Box 1053 N Brisbane; GPO Box 354C Adelaide; 422 Collins St. Melbourne; GPO Box N 1034 Perth.

1 **ADVANCES** of student Bill Perry (Douglas Dick) after dinner date lead to fight during which dowdy professor of psychology Dr. Wilma Tuttle (Loretta Young) accidentally causes his death.

2 **FAKING** death to look like accident, Wilma manages to talk calmly to lawyer Warren Ford (Robert Cummings), Bill's guardian, who calls at college.

THE ACCUSED

LORETTA YOUNG handles what is for her a new type of role in Paramount's suspense drama, "The Accused." She plays a serious-minded professor of psychology who becomes involved in a murder. Sharing top billing with her are Robert Cummings and Wendell Corey. Cummings, once a perennial Paramount juvenile, has come a long way and is now regarded as a serious actor. Corey, a comparative newcomer, will be remembered as the doctor in "Sorry, Wrong Number."

During the making of "The Accused," the end was kept secret from the cast until two days before the final scene.

3 **STRAIN** of trying not to betray her guilty knowledge proves too much for the terrified Wilma, who becomes ill.

4 **SUSPICION** falls on Susan Duval (Suzanne Dalbert). Wilma protects her during inquiries by detective (Corey).

5 **GLAMOROUS** appearance is adopted by panicking Wilma to trick witness who might identify her. But Bill had left behind important psychology paper that makes recognition inevitable in end.

6 **DEFENCE** counsel at trial is Warren Ford, who loves Wilma and wants her to marry him. In impassioned address he pleads she killed Bill in self-defence.

CROSSWORD CONTEST NO. 34

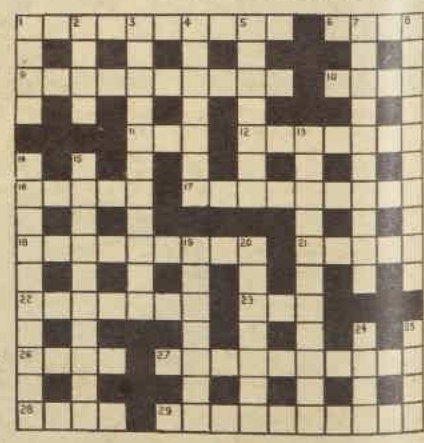
ACROSS

1. Fellow of all trades to article to monkeys in the making of coxcomb (10).
6. Squeeze to be got from a doorpost? (4).
9. Your sense of duty should make you study physics as a good example (10).
10. Gets old in a long time (4).
11. Language as herd in Jersey? (3).
12. Fled to sea, to our great hate (7).
16. A rope with a noose ought to finish-off the girl (5).
17. Are not in the last train after starting to get in to give amusement (9).
18. Tract Dave resolved to make wearing a tie (9).
21. The select may be set burning with ease outside (5).
22. Hammers stem tumbles when all in (7).
23. Has a cold, hard, character but shows signs of melting with age (3).
26. Should always be on hand after a wedding ceremony (4).
27. Rooster only takes an instant to become a basilisk (10).
28. Too (4).
29. Lord, young Leslie gets crafty without his match! (10).

DOWN

1. Weightlifter shows the flag —the right man to box! (4).
3. If you're not able to tip this it's all humbug! (4).
3. Lodge a short account given by a Bolshie before the appointment (11).
4. The highest of all suits the shade but removes the polish (7).
5. Are found inside except in the extract (7).
7. Along a main (anag.) (10).
8. In the forest a senior Girl Guide to see Kelly? (10).
13. A part of our anatomy never broken above the middle (5, 6).
14. "This nigger am made up to turn dry" will not be taken as an excuse when it takes her for a ride! (8, 5).
15. Attackers like to begin a sea voyage with insects (10).
19. When you're on a ship in rent silk (7).
20. What is Doctor Penner when full? (7).
24. Cash gifts best got before the races (4).
25. Refuse (4).

£10, £5, and £2 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 34 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4081W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close April 1, prizes and solution in issue of April 23.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 30

ACROSS: 1—Cl/amber/ing. 6—Arch. 9—Speculator (anag.) 10—Spun. 12—Artiste. 13—P/r/lend. 14—Die. 16—Do/ck/er. 19—Ran/gin/g. 21—Co/nsa/ck (ass turned). 23—Blank-et. 24—Tit-bes. 26—Yea. 28—Do/tin/g. 29—Lecture (anag.). 32—Owns. 33—German Text. 34—Kids. 35—Delibe-rate.

DOWN: 1—Cu/star/d. 2—A-gent. 3—Blues-to-c-king. 4—Ro/a-ms/d. 5—No-on. 7—Reprimah. 8—Hang-dog. 11—Frankincense. 15—Era. 17—Chaste-ned. 18—Roe. 20—Act. 22—Sly. 23—Bed-rock. 25—Sceptre. 27—Alum-ni. 32—Ulema (anag.). 31—He-re.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 30

£10 to Mrs. Bengtsson, Wantirna Rd., Ringwood, Vic.; £5 to Mrs. J. Beaufort, 142 Main Rd., Marks Point, N.S.W.; £2 to Kenneth Barber, 23 Brighton Rd., Glenelg, S.A.

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"BE LOVELIER TONIGHT!"

IT'S WONDERFUL
THE WAY ACTIVE-LATHER
FACIALS WITH LUX TOILET SOAP
REALLY MAKE SKIN
LOVELIER

SAYS **Ann Sheridan**

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "SILVER RIVER"

What more charming setting for this exquisite five-strand pearl necklet than the smooth purity of Ann Sheridan's flawless skin? Try her active-lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap yourself! Each night and morning work in the luxurious lather, rinse with warm water, splash with cold. As you pat to dry with a soft towel you find skin smoother, softer. Take a daily beauty bath with pure, white Lux Toilet Soap — the most delightful way to all-over loveliness.

THE BATH AND COMPLEXION CARE OF 9 OUT OF EVERY 10 FILM STARS.

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CRAVEN "A"

are good . . . their quality does make a difference!

CRAVEN "A"

They never Vary!

Obtainable in 10's & 20's.

CARRERAS LIMITED—OVER 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

The Sun-glo line

The smart figure-flattering line of "Sun-glo" styles is seen in this new jumper design. Along with other lovely new styles, it's in Sun-glo Knitting Book Series 115. Sun-glo knitting books are on sale at all newsagents and retailers or order direct from "Knitting Book Dept.", Alexandria Spinning Mills, 30 Grosvenor Street, Sydney. Price, 7½d. (posted 9d.). Frock and children's wear books, 1/1 (posted 1/2½d.).

SHRINKPROOF

Sun-glo

KNITTING WOOL

Manufactured in Australia by F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd., at their Alexandria Spinning Mills. Distributors: Paterson, Laing & Bruce Ltd.

SUN-GLO STYLES FREE!

SG53

Alexandria Spinning Mills, Dept. AS53.
30 Grosvenor Street, Sydney.

Please send me FREE illustrated folder of new Sun-glo styles. I enclose 1½d. in stamps for postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ STATE _____

THERE IS AN AIR of distinction about the smartly styled tunic and the fringe-trimmed sweater pictured above. Directions for making are given in the 1949 Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book, now on sale at our offices and all newsagents. Price 1/6. Secure your copy!

THE adorable baby pictured at left is wearing a cosy four-piece set comprising coat, bonnet, leggin-ettes, and shoe-ettes, the instructions for which are included in our 1949 Knitting Book. This 68-page book contains over fifty knitted styles for adults and children, and is available at our offices, all news-agents and book-sellers for 1/6.

Miss PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

SOILED eiderdowns can be cleaned this way: Sprinkle the surface liberally with fuller's earth, rub in thoroughly, roll up for a few hours, then shake and brush well.

* * *

WHEN the nickel faucets in your sink become stained, rub them with a soft cloth dipped in spirits of ammonia. Wash with hot water and soap, and polish with a soft dry cloth.

* * *

TO extract the juice of an onion, simply cut in halves and firmly press on a lemon squeezer.

* * *

PAINT or varnish spots on windows are easily and effectively banished with nail-polish remover.

* * *

WHEN shoe polish becomes too hard or dry to use, put the closed tin in a warm oven for half an hour. After the polish has melted and set again it is equal to new polish.

GAY little cardigan for leisure hours, for tennis, golf, hiking. Complete instructions for making will be found in The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book. Price 1/6 . . . Get your copy now.

Care of baby's clothes . . .

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

CARE of your baby's clothing and equipment is very important.

It takes some time for a newly born baby to build up immunity to new surroundings. Therefore, daily care and washing of his clothing is one way of protecting him.

You should never use strong soaps or soap powders for your baby's wash. Scalded buttocks and skin rashes have often been caused by their use.

You need to take special care with washing and drying woollen or flannel garments, otherwise they shrink and thicken and become yellow.

It is best to use a good "soap-jelly," and to keep the material soft you should gently squeeze it, and not rub it, in the washing. And you must give the correct laundry care to baby's napkins, especially soiled ones.

All clothes should be thoroughly rinsed. Napkins and cotton garments should be dried in the sun, while woollen garments should not not be dried in strong sunlight or direct heat.

You will find useful hints for laundering baby's clothes in a special leaflet on "Planning Baby's Clothes."

This is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W., if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.

They can't detect when hair has been Inecto'd

It looks so natural!

Inecto colours your hair *right through*—just as nature does. That's why Inecto does not fade or rub off. Unaffected by sun . . . wind . . . water.

Don't put up with faded hair. Get *natural* colour from Inecto's 18 *natural* shades. Consult your hairdresser or chemist about Inecto.

INO.A.

INECTO

RAPID HAIR COLOURING

For an English Complexion,

USE

Oatine

ORIGINATED IN ENGLAND

PRIZE-WINNING *Skin Aids*

OATINE Snow (Vanishing Cream)
OATINE Cold Cream
OATINE Powder Base
OATINE Skin Tonic
OATINE Hand Lotion

Available at Chemists and Stores

RID KIDNEYS OF POISONS AND ACIDS

If you suffer sharp, stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, it shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are **Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sleepless Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Circles under Eyes, Loss of Energy and Appetite and Frequent Headaches and Colds,** etc. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble.

The Cystex Treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly, and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles.

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary System in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Praised by One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by one-time sufferers in 73 countries from the troubles shown above. Mr. Reg Thomas, Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "*My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me, and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back.*"

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! **Now in 2 sizes—4/-, 8/-.**

This is a *GUARANTEED* Treatment for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism **CYSTEX**

Staisweet

Stay as sweet as you are with

Staisweet

The Deodorant you can trust

Staisweet

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PIXIE HAT...

as worn by Princess Margaret

PRINCESS MARGARET has quickly achieved the distinction of setting the fashion for girls around her own age.

She knows how to choose pretty, gay clothes and accessories, just the kind of thing that any girl would love to wear, too.

And her latest choice is this cute little pixie bonnet which you can make for yourself from the simple diagram on this page. Our copy of the Royal hat is in velvet like the original model, but you can make it equally well in felt or any other material.

You need a piece of felt or material 18in. by 20in. (and 18in. by 18in. in canvas also to line a material hat), a piece of buckram 12in. by 7½in. for the brim, 21in. of millinery wire, and ½yd. petersham ribbon.

To make your pattern rule off a piece of brown paper 18in. by 20in. into 1in. squares, then copy the diagram on to it. Make a paper pattern for the buckram on paper folded in half. Lay the pattern on to your material and cut round the thick black lines. (Cut the crown again in canvas if material hat.) Unfold buckram pattern and cut out.

Making up the hat

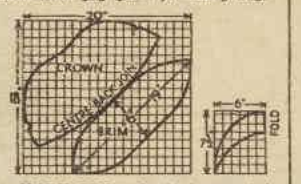
FIRST oversew the wire to the outer edge of the buckram curve. Fold the brim oval in half lengthways and stretch it on the folded edge. Insert the buckram, the wired edge to the fold, and tack the two edges of the brim together, easing the fullness at the centre.

Join the centre back seam of the crown (and of canvas lining if used) press seam open and turn to right side. Place crown over brim, matching centre and side notches. Hem on the right side and on inside lightly catch brim turnings to crown. Join ribbon to make a headband to fit. Turn in back of hat and hem band inside hat to neaten.

Cut a gay little bow of remaining material and stitch to the side of the crown, and catch some veiling round the brim.

For a change, the hat can be trimmed with pheasant feathers.

THIS LITTLE "PIXIE" HAT is easy to make in felt or in fabric from the simple instructions and diagram. For party wear trim it in the Royal way with bow and veil, or with some gay quills for every day.



MARK OFF a sheet of paper into 1in. squares and copy diagram on it. Place over the material to cut out. Small diagram for buckram.

Trellised glory in country garden

● Grapes and ferns are good companions—when the vines are grown overhead with ferns underneath—Says Our HOME GARDENER

ALMOST any deciduous vine will do to cover a bush-house or fernery in summer, although grapes are doubly useful inasmuch as they yield good fruit as well as shade.

Then again it has been demonstrated that grapes grown overhead on wide, spacious pergolas or trellis yield far greater crops than those that are stem-pruned and restricted to a few feet on stakes and wires.

One of the gardeners who has proved this is Mr. J. C. Pease, of Parkes, N.S.W. His well-built fernery shown in the accompanying picture is festooned with large bunches of grapes every year, while ferns and other shade-lovers flourish below.

His experience is that the vines provide summer shade, and, if the fernery is built adjoining the house, cool the adjacent rooms fully 20 per cent. In winter, when the grape leaves fall, they drop in among the fern fronds which they feed and nourish as they decay.

The leafmould thus obtained saves much time raking round in the bush, and also obviates the necessity for top-dressing the fernbeds.

As the leaves fall in autumn they admit the sunlight to both ferns and the house, an advantage not enjoyed by those who grow passionfruits and other evergreen vines.

The grape vines thus grown need annual pruning, of course, but need to be shortened back much less than those that are stem-pruned and trained on horizontal wires. If the pergola is strongly constructed with good sawn or bush timber, and plenty of hefty laths or battens are nailed securely on to the rafters or cross-bars, the heavy crops of grapes will be adequately supported.

Such a fernery can be used, too, to house bird-cages, dog-kennels, or other pets who suffer severely from exposure during hot weather in inland districts.

A spacious, rather high bush-house could be planted with tree ferns, shade-loving shrubs, and be fitted with benches to carry coleus, tuberous-rooted begonias, rex begonias, achimenes, gesnerias, schizanthus, cinerarias, elkhorns and staghorns, orchids, and many others that gardeners in the more favored coastal districts enjoy.

Where very severe frosts are experienced it might be advisable, before winter sets in, to fit the sides and roof with canvas or rattan awnings, which could be drawn over in late afternoon to protect plants from severe visitations.

WELL-BUILT bush-house or fernery of Mr. J. C. Pease, Parkes, N.S.W., showing heavy crop of grapes hanging from the roof with luxurious ferns at foot. They make ideal companions.

BABY: Shame, Mummy, you said you'd like to have a baby's easy life — but what a face!

MUMMY: These straps and wriggling around! How does your tender skin stand it?

BABY: Stand it? Mummy, now you know why babies need Johnson's Baby Powder and Johnson's Baby Cream!

MUMMY: Honey, I'll get 'em quick — and then what do I do?

BABY: Just this: After my bath, protect my skin all over with pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Cream and at other times I'll thank you for soft, soothing sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder to keep chafes and prickles away.

MUMMY: Watch me reform!

BABY: Watch me reform, too, with Johnson's to take care of my skin I won't have half as many howls coming!

Johnsons Baby Powder Soap and Cream

PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

FREE! Malvern Star

Below is the first line of a 2-line verse about Bisto. Write a 2nd line to rhyme with this, and send to Bisto, Box 2086, G.P.O., Sydney. The boy or girl in each State (excepting S.A.) sending the best rhyming line receives a Malvern Star bicycle. Judges' decision is final. Include top flap from a packet of Bisto with your entry.

BISTO FOR GRAVY, PIES AND STEW,

Buy Bisto from your grocer, and enter Bisto competition today. State full name, address, and send with top flap of Bisto to Box 2086, G.P.O., Sydney.

BISTO BROWNS! THICKENS! SEASONS!

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Let's sing of Autumn Cheer again

For Black Lance styles are here again

LOOK like a breath of Fashion this golden autumn.
Yes, be trim and neat and cosy as a caress.
Put yourself into one of these new season, new-style
Black Lance outfits and feel like the only
girl in the world. They're mannequin models.

Black Lance

Beautiful Knitteds

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4785386

—Faultlessly dressed

—and groomed to her fingertips with GAZE Crème Nail Enamel

"TOPS IN TIPS"

SOOTHES AND HEALS

CHILDREN'S SORES

Keep DOAN'S OINTMENT handy in the house for safe, prompt treatment of children's sores. DOAN'S OINTMENT soothes as it heals and has special antiseptic ingredients for combating infection. Used successfully for over 40 years.

At Chemists & Stores all over the world.

Sole Proprietors: Foster-McClellan Co., Buffalo, New York, London, Sydney. D02/7

BE IMMUNE* FROM COLDS TEN DAYS FROM NOW

Here is the common sense way to avoid the common cold—and influenza. You catch these troublesome complaints because your natural resistance is too low. Reinforce these protective powers with Anti-Bi-San Tablets. They provide preventive ingredients for absorption into the blood stream. Take Anti-Bi-San for three days only. After seven days you will normally be immune from infection for three months. There are no disturbing after-effects. Ask your chemist for

ANTI-BI-SAN

COLD AND INFLUENZA PREVENTIVE TABLETS

11/3 Adult, 9/- Child

★The results are successful in a high percentage of cases. Anti-Bi-San 3-day treatment will, after seven days, normally provide immunity from infection for three months.

Write for leaflet to Sole Distributors:
Fassett & Johnson Ltd.
36/40 Chalmers St., Sydney, N.S.W.

WINN
· CHOCOLATES
· VITABIES
· MINTS

SHOPPERS . . . be good to your feet

● Stand on the corner of a busy shopping centre and watch the shoppers on parade . . .

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

LOOK at the way the majority walk! Some shuffle, some lope, some drag along as if they hadn't enough energy to lift an eyebrow. Some turn out their toes; some come thumping down on their heels.

Most of these unlovely movements are due to aching feet. Women save their faces by using cosmetics generously, but ignore the damage that their feet can do to their looks.

Pedometer tests have revealed that a demon shopper, intent upon the job in hand, will take more than 19,000 steps in a day. That amounts to eight and one-third miles.

If there is an early start, and one keeps right on going until it is time to rush home and get dinner, the grand total may be eleven miles. Think of that! And the average woman would have a fit if you asked her to take a nice little walk with you . . . say, a mile or two!

The housewife, going about her duties, can clip off five or six miles a day and never know it. When the family comes home her face is tired, and so are her nerves. Why? Chiefly because she has been trundling herself round in ill-fitting shoes. And when her feet hurt, she hurts all over.

Indoors or out, the feet should be properly shod. Low or medium heels are recommended for comfort and foot health; they promote good posture.

High heels distort the silhouette, interfere with body balance. Put on your spikes, if you must, when you fare forth for a merry evening, but otherwise let your poor feet come down to earth now and then.

Shoes should be snug at the heel to prevent unnecessary friction and subsequent calloused spots. Leather soles are essential to provide firm support combined with the requisite "give" as you heel-and-toe it through the day's activities.

Because of its fibrous qualities, which allow passage of air through microscopic openings, leather will aid in keeping an even temperature inside your shoes, no matter what the weather may be.

Foot care is a lifetime job, and should commence early in life.

Pediatricians stress the need of selecting the correct shoes for children and changing them with growth. Yes, it may be an expensive item, but unless a child's feet are in perfect condition posture may be poor and the entire body may suffer.

Children's shoes should be roomy, with plenty of toe-wiggling space. They should have leather soles and uppers, designed to give maximum support combined with the greatest possible degree of flexibility.

In quest of foot comfort there are lots of simple, homespun remedies that can be prepared at little cost, as well as many cleverly manufactured foot unguents.

For feet that perspire, quite the simplest lotion is warm, salt water in which the feet are soaked; another is permenganate of potash, dissolved in the proportion of a grain to one fluid ounce.

An ounce of tannic acid dissolved in three pints of water provides yet a further bath, though a little more astringent, for the feet.

When feet are tired, but not actually perspiring, a plunge bath of baking soda dissolved in warm water picks them up. This, followed by an application of methylated spirit or rubbing alcohol, allowed to dry on the skin, produces a marvellous feeling of cool comfort.

Most of us have experienced at one time or another the "all-in" feeling that follows prolonged standing, particularly while trying to juggle a collection of purchases; when this happens, enjoy the restorative qualities of a footbath made by dissolving 1oz. alum, 2oz salt, and 2oz. borax in two quarts of warm water, and wallowing for ten straight minutes.

Well-washed blankets stay soft

BLANKETS should be well shaken before washing, and edges should be examined in case they need re-binding or re-stitching.

Worn patches should be darned before washing because the weight of the blanket when wet may cause any frail threads to break, and holes to develop.

Blankets should be washed one by one in water rather warmer than is generally used for woollens, because the bulk immediately lowers the temperature of the washing water. Eight gallons of water are usually required for a double-bed sized blanket, about five gallons for single size.

The suds should be prepared before the blanket is put in; and a really good lather should be maintained throughout the whole of the washing process.

The washing should be done by squeezing and kneading the blanket in the suds after it has become thoroughly saturated. Keep turning the blanket over and over.

Hard water requires the addition of an extra quantity of any soap product. For new blankets it is often necessary to use a second washing water or use extra soap.

If possible, put blankets through a wringer between wash waters (if two washes are given), between the wash water and first rinse, before each successive rinse, and twice before hanging out to dry.

Dry in the shade, and shake well before hanging, in order to raise the fibres.

If colored borders show any tendency to lose color, they should first be hung lengthwise, so that the border hangs vertically—that is, pointing to the ground. If, however, there is no danger of any color running, they can be hung on the line breadthwise, and finished off by hanging lengthwise.

It is a good idea to change the position from time to time during drying, so that distinct creases do not form.

When completely dry, the blanket should be well shaken by two people, or beaten while still on the line, and afterwards brushed up with a clean, stiff clothes brush, when it will look just like new.

Well-known society leader reveals beauty "pick-up" for special occasions

Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, charming American society beauty has dramatically beautiful coloring . . . platinum blonde hair, china-blue eyes, ivory-white skin. Mrs. du Pont says: "The 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream brightens my complexion in one minute! Makes my skin look clearer and glowing right away. Smoother too, with a soft, silky finish that takes make-up to perfection."

How to apply the 1-Minute Mask

1. Smooth a cool white mask of Pond's over your whole Vanishing Cream face—except eyes.

2. Instantly the "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream starts to loosen dried skin flakes. Dissolves them off.

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Party Time

BASKETS of colored paper or cardboard filled with sweets and used as place-cards add a gay, colorful touch to the party-table. Recipes for all these good things are given on this page.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

● Any time is party time for the young folk—and it's fun for young and old alike when the food is pretty to look at.

THE dainty little lady who graces the centre of the table is meant to be eaten as well as admired!

The color scheme may be changed to suit your own taste—green covering icing, lemon-colored piping, and crystallised violets make an attractive combination — or maybe you have ideas of your own.

The detailed recipe for crinoline cake is easy to follow, and a little time and patience are the only extras required.

CRINOLINE CAKE

Six ounces margarine or butter, 9oz. castor sugar, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 3 large eggs, 12oz. self-raising flour, good pinch salt, 1 cup milk.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and orange rind. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift flour and salt twice, add to creamed mixture alternately with milk. Grease a large, plain pudding basin and line base with circle of greased paper. Fill with mixture. Place in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) bake 1¼ to 1½ hours. Test thoroughly with fine skewer (should come out clean and dry) before removing from oven. Leave in tin 15 to 20 minutes before turning carefully on to cake-cooler. Allow to become quite cold. Brush lightly with egg-white before applying covering icing.

Royal Icing for Piping: One egg-white, ½lb. icing sugar, 1 teaspoon glucose, squeeze lemon juice.

Beat egg-white slightly, add glucose and lemon juice. Add sifted icing sugar gradually until mixture is stiff enough to hold its shape. Color pink. Using ribbon pipe (type which has flat slanting end approximately ⅜in. wide), pipe frill round base of cake to a depth of 2½in.

Plastic Icing for Covering: One pound pure icing sugar, 1 egg-white, 1oz. glucose, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, extra sifted icing sugar for rolling out, pink coloring.

Sift icing sugar into basin, make a well in centre. Melt glucose by placing in cup standing in very hot water. Beat egg-white slightly, add lemon juice. Pour mixture into centre of icing sugar. Mix with wooden spoon to stiff consistency. Knead well with the hands to absorb all the icing sugar. Turn out on to board well covered with sifted icing sugar. Cut off one-quarter to make a padding round top of cake for peplum of skirt. Color balance of icing pink, roll with rolling-pin on board—keep hands, board, and rolling-pin coated with icing sugar all the time. Cut a paper pattern of size and shape of skirt, place on rolled icing, and cut around outline with sharp-pointed knife. Lift carefully into position on cake, mould over padded hipline, keeping surface smooth.

Decorations: Upper half of small china doll (type used to ornament tea-cosies), pink and blue artificial flowers (or roses moulded from some of the covering icing), narrow satin ribbon, candles.

Press doll into position on top of cake, smooth icing around waistline. Pipe a frill around edge of peplum and around head or hat of doll and around shoulders to form a neckline. With small rose pipe outline scallops of skirt and shape of peplum. Place bunch of ribbon at waist, using flowers and a little of piping icing to hold in place. Make small bows of ribbon and attach with a flower to each scallop of skirt. When icing is quite firm and set, lift carefully on to plate, place candles in position around cake, using a little icing to hold in position.

PARTY TARTLETS

(Cherry baskets and mushrooms.)

Ten ounces biscuit pastry, quantity mock cream, strawberry jam, cinnamon, cherries, 1½ cups cake crumbs, ½ cup almond meal, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg.

For Cherry Baskets: Roll half the pastry thinly on floured board, cut into circles with floured cutter. Line shallow patty tins. Cut narrow strips for basket handles, curve to shape, and place on biscuit tray. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 5 to 8 minutes for handles, 10 to 12 minutes for cases. When cool, fill cases with strawberry jam, decorate with roses of mock cream and cherries. Place handles in position, pressing lightly into cream.

For Mushrooms: Roll balance of pastry thinly, line shallow patty tins. Cut strips of pastry about 1in. long for stalks, place on biscuit tray. Mix cake crumbs, almond meal, sugar, and beaten egg. Fill into cases. Bake cases and stalks in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes for filled cases, 5 to 8 minutes for stalks. Cool on cake-cooler. Top with thin layer of mock cream, dust with cinnamon, press stalks into position.

PARTY CAKES

One slab plain butter cake, vanilla-flavored patty cakes, chocolate-flavored patty cakes, quantity chocolate and vanilla icing, mock cream, coconut, pink coloring.

Cut portion of slab cake into diamond and square shapes. Cut balance into balls, using round scone-cutter, then shaping with sharp knife. Cut an equal number of smaller balls, using smaller cutter, and shaping as before. Coat diamonds and squares with chocolate icing. Smooth surface with knife dipped in hot water. Coat sides with coconut, decorate tops with pink-colored cream. Cover balls with cream, toss in coconut. Press small ball on top of each large one, place in ice chest or refrigerator to firm cream. Pipe eyes and mouth with chocolate icing to make snowmen.

Coat tops of chocolate patty cakes with white icing, decorate with chocolate icing. Coat tops of vanilla patties with chocolate icing. When set, cut top from each, pointing knife into centre of cake to make a hollow. Pipe cream on to white cakes, pink cream on to chocolate cakes. Split tops in two and press into cream to represent butterfly wings on white cakes. Replace tops of chocolate cakes.

FRUIT CUP

One large pineapple, 6 lemons, 6 oranges, 6 pints water, 3 cups sugar, 8 passionfruit, orange slices to decorate.

Peel and grate pineapple. Place pineapple skin, grated orange, and lemon rind and ¼ of pineapple pulp into saucepan with sugar and water. Simmer 20 minutes, cool and strain. Add strained orange and lemon juice, passionfruit pulp, balance of pineapple pulp. Chill. One-third fill glasses, fill up with chilled lemonade. Decorate each glass with orange slice.

WHITEBAIT CASSOLETTES

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 3 dessertspoons flour, 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup drained whitebait, ½ cup cooked green peas, 2 gherkins, tomato for garnishing.

Roll pastry thinly on floured board, cut and line small patty tins. Prick with fork, bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450 deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes. Melt margarine or butter, add flour and salt. Cook 1 minute without browning. Add milk, stir until mixture boils and thickens. Fold in peas and whitebait. Fill in pastry cases, decorate with gherkin rings and tomato. Reheat.

Continued on page 50

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THESE ATTRACTIVE biscuits win first prize of £10 in this week's contest for Mrs. G. A. Robbie, of Hobart, Tasmania. They can be varied to suit three occasions: Plain for morning tea, dainty for afternoon tea or supper, substantial for picnics or lunch-boxes.

Variety biscuits top list

DELICIOUS, crisp, simply-made biscuits with suggestions for three variations win this week's first prize of £10.

Included also are recipes for a new and interesting method of preparing baked salmon with anchovy and celery sauce and a delicious sweet of pineapple butterscotch whirls to be served with custard or ice-cream.

Note.—All spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

VARIETY BISCUITS

Half-pound margarine or butter, 1 cup icing sugar, 1 cup cornflour, 1½ cups self-raising flour, flavoring as desired.

Cream margarine or butter with sifted icing sugar and flavorings. Sift cornflour and self-raising flour and fold into creamed mixture. When stiff, knead with the hands to absorb all the dry ingredients. Use as directed.

For Morning Tea: Roll out thinly on floured board, cut into shapes with plain or fancy cutters. Press halved dates or raisins, etc., on to some, leaving balance plain. Place on biscuit-tray; bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes. Remove from tray, cool on cake-cooler.

For Afternoon Tea or Supper: Roll out thinly on floured board, cut into shapes with fancy cutters. Bake on tray in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes until lightly browned. Join with warm icing made by sifting six ounces icing sugar into saucepan and moistening with water to make a stiff paste. Place over gentle heat, stir until smooth and softened, color and flavor as desired. Coat tops of biscuits with icing and decorate with chopped cherries, halved walnuts, almonds, nonpareils, cake toppings, halved dates, etc.

For Picnics or Lunch-boxes: Mould mixture with the hands into various shapes or place in rough teaspoonfuls on tray. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 15 minutes until lightly browned. Fill and decorate as suggested for afternoon tea biscuits.

First Prize of £10 to Mrs. G. A. Robbie, Winmarleigh Ave., Taroona, Hobart.

BAKED SALMON WITH ANCHOVY-CELERY SAUCE

Two tablespoons margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, ½ cup fish stock (or liquor from salmon), 2 tablespoons cream from top of milk, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 3 eggs, ½lb. salmon (or flaked cooked fish), ½ cup breadcrumbs.

Sauce: Two tablespoons margarine or butter, ½ cup finely diced celery, 1½ tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup fish stock, ½ cup milk (or omit fish stock and use 1 cup milk), 1 teaspoon anchovy paste, 1 tablespoon cream from top of milk, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Melt margarine or butter in saucepan, add flour, stir until smooth. Cook 1 minute without allowing to brown. Add stock, salt, and pepper, stir while mixture boils and thickens. Cool slightly, fold in lemon juice, cream, breadcrumbs, beaten egg-yolks, and salmon, boned and flaked. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and mix all well together. Place in greased ovenware dish or individual dishes. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 30 to 40 minutes until firm and lightly browned. Garnish with parsley and lemon wedges, serve with anchovy-celery sauce.

Sauce: Melt margarine or butter, add celery, saute very gently until celery is tender. Do not allow to brown. Add flour and salt, stir and cook 1 minute. Add stock and milk, stir while mixture boils and thickens. Fold in cream, lemon juice, and anchovy paste. Reheat without allowing to boil.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Lawrence, 14 Fairfax Terrace, New Mile End, S.A.

PINEAPPLE BUTTERSCOTCH WHIRLS

Butterscotch: Two tablespoons shortening, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons honey.

Pastry: Two cups self-raising flour, pinch of salt, 4oz. margarine or butter, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk.

Filling: One to 1½ cups cooked, drained, shredded pineapple ½ cup brown sugar.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and honey, spread evenly over bottom and sides of 9in. sandwich-tin. Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Mix to a stiff dough with beaten egg and milk. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to oblong shape ¼in. thick. Glaze with milk, spread with pineapple, sprinkle thickly with brown sugar. Roll up as for Swiss roll. Cut into slices 1in. to 1½in. thick. Place in prepared sandwich-tin, cut side down. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 10 minutes. Reduce to 375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric, cook further 20 to 25 minutes. Turn out on to large hot plate. Serve immediately with custard or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Hamilton, 2 Richmond Rd., Homebush West, N.S.W.

Party Time

Continued from page 49

RIBBON SANDWICHES

Half loaf white sandwich bread, ½ loaf brown sandwich bread, softened butter, 2 cups grated cheese, ½ cup finely chopped celery, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise or white sauce, peanut butter.

Slice bread thinly, arrange slices in groups of three—some being 2 white slices and 1 brown, others 2 brown slices and 1 white. Mix cheese with celery and mayonnaise or sauce. Spread bottom slice of each group with butter, then peanut butter. Spread both sides of second slice with butter, place on bottom slice. Spread with cheese mixture. Butter third slice on one side, place in position, buttered side down. Remove crusts, cut into finger lengths.

NONPAREIL AND DATE ROLLS

Half-loaf sandwich bread, softened butter, 4oz. dates, 2 tablespoons water, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, apricot jam, nonpareils.

Slice bread thinly, remove crusts. Butter lightly. Cook dates, lemon rind, and water until soft. Beat to a pulp, cool. Spread on bread, roll each slice. Brush with warmed apricot jam, toss in nonpareils.

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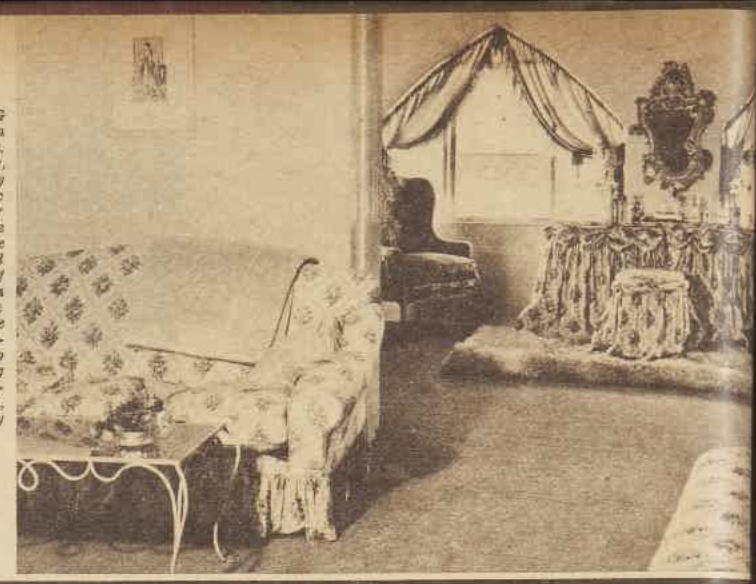
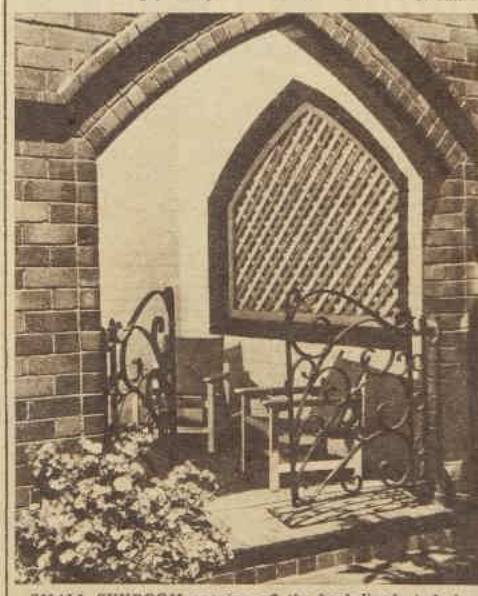
ENCHANTING main bedroom opens into Mrs. Coleman's boudoir, with its softly draped Gothic windows. Color scheme embraces all the delicate tonings of orchid and the softest of beige-pinks. An exquisite chintz was chosen for the flounced glass-topped make-up table, matching stool, quilted bed-head and spread, and the upholstery of the lounge.

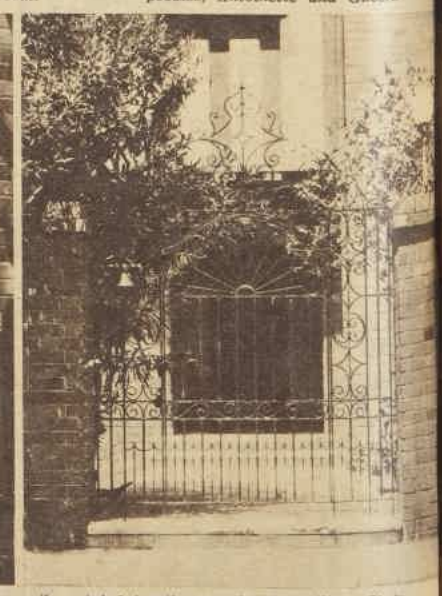


Home reflects her personality

EXTERIOR GLIMPSE of "The Abbey," Mr. and Mrs. Deke Coleman's home at Salisbury Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W., taken from the garden showing paved patio and Gothic windows of sunroom.

MRS. COLEMAN, at home, makes a pretty picture with her French poodles, Antoinette and Gilbert.





SMALL SUNROOM opening off the book-lined study has gaily painted furniture, walls, and ceiling. Study carpet is burgundy, which is repeated in the floral patterning of the chintz wall-seat and chairs. Beautiful wrought-iron gate, shown right, leads to the entrance of "The Abbey." Front door is pillar-box red.

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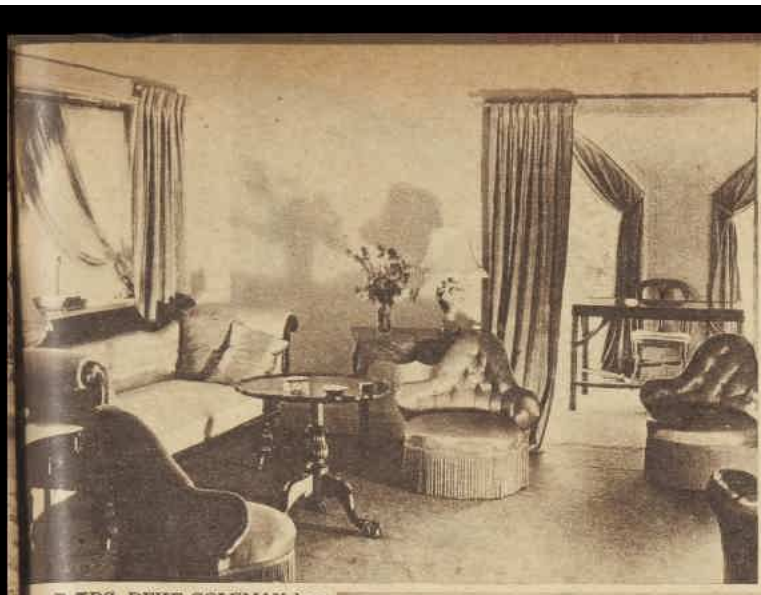


LOVELY soft-to-the-tread green carpet covers the floor of the drawing-room. Walls are delicate lilac. Above the lilac brick fireplace (not shown in picture), a square mirror reflects the Regency-striped curtains in beige and deep lilac, colors of which are repeated in the satin-upholstered chairs. "Baby" ice-blue satin cushions decorate lounges, one of which is upholstered in a lovely white-gold damask. Alabaster lamps with palest pink satin shades stand on mahogany occasional tables.

+ + +

MRS. DEKE COLEMAN has furnished her home, pictured on these pages, with charm and individuality, creating throughout an atmosphere as vivacious and chic as herself.

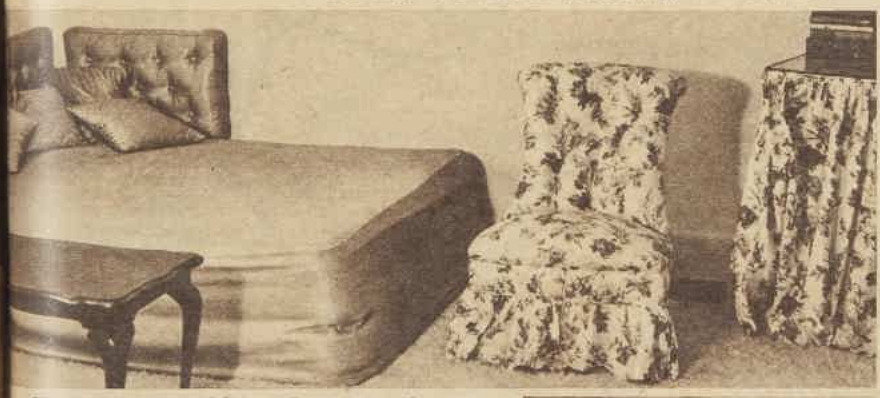
She has used color skilfully. The entrance, with its red door and moss-green carpeting, softly tinted walls and staircase, is arresting.

To the right, the dining-room, with its green-toned walls, purple window drapes, black glass mantel surmounted by a huge mirror, and the white-and-coral chairs, shows an original and dramatic use of color.

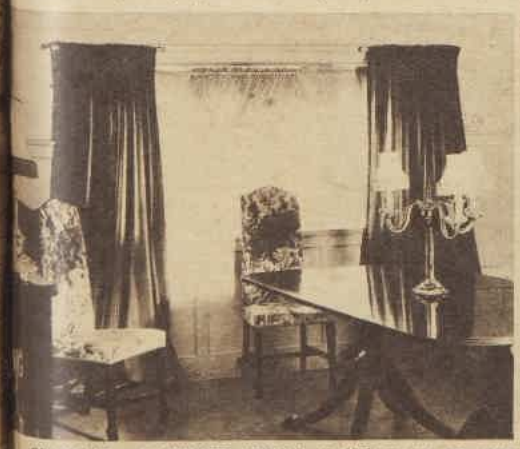
Moss-green carpet also covers the drawing-room floor, but here the walls are tinted lilac. And with the deeper-toned lilacs, white-gold, and ice-blue introduced into the color scheme, the effect is superb.

The main bedroom, a glimpse of which is given on the opposite page, is simply a dream. Colors range from the most delicate tones of orchid to pinky-beige.—EVE GYE.

BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED BED has square and heart-shaped baby cushions in palest orchid-pink to match shades of bedside table and wall-lamps. Charming picture above chimes with the color scheme.



CHARMING GUEST-ROOM. Walls are palest blue, rug is oyster; white, carmine, lilac, lemon chintz-decked dressing-table, chairs; blue-grey curtains, bedspread; cerise cushions.



DRAMATIC. PANELLED WALLS of dining-room are green merging into a softer tone for upper walls and ceiling. Purple taffeta drapes at windows. High-backed chairs are upholstered in white chintz with large coral peonies. Delicate green alcoves hold selected bric-a-brac. Above: Attractive staircase in entrance hall.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 1209—VESTEE BLOUSE

Tailor-smart, this useful silk blouse is cut out, ready to make up. The design is an eagle in colors of lime, royal-blue, brick-red, or turquoise, outlined in black on a white ground.

Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust; price 19/11. 36in. and 38in. bust; price 21/6. Postage 8½d. extra.

No. 1210—LITTLE BOY'S COAT

Ready cut out to sew up, warm and comfy, this double-breasted coat is in grey or brown wool.

Sizes: 18in., age 2 yrs., price 16/3; postage 6½d. 19in., age 3yrs., price 17/6; postage 8½d. 20in., age 4 years, price 17/11; postage 9½d. 22in., age 5-6 yrs., price 18/6; postage 9½d.

No. 1211—LITTLE GIRL'S COAT

The cutest little double-breaster with a Peter Pan collar is in good quality cream twill wool, cut out and ready to be sewn up.

Sizes: 18in., age 2 yrs., price 16/3; postage 6½d. 19in., age 3yrs., price 17/6; postage 8½d. 20in., age 4 years, price 17/11; postage 8½d. 22in., age 5-6 yrs., price 18/6; postage 9½d.

No. 1212—DUCHESSE SET

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Centre mat measures 11in. x 17in., smaller mats 8in. x 8in. Finish with lace edge (lace not supplied). Price 6/11 complete set. Postage 4½d. extra.

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Fashion PATTERNS

F5451.—Swallow-winged collar, smooth shoulders, and slim skirt make a chic one-piece. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/11.

F5452.—Hip emphasis is featured in a tailored daytime dress. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5453.—Smart winter suit, with the tapered-at-the-waist jacket trimmed with contrast. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/11.

F5454.—Small girl's one-piece has a nicely flared skirt. Sizes, 23, 27, 31, and 34in. lengths, or 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/8.

F5455.—Swing coat with smooth lines is styled with a capelet collar. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/4.

F5456.—Infant's layette. Nightgown requires 1½yds. 36in. material; slip, ½yd. 36in. material; pilchers, ½yd. 36in. material; dress, 1½yds. 36in. material; and cape, 1½yds. 36in. material. Price, complete, 2/6.

● TO ORDER: *Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 27.*

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